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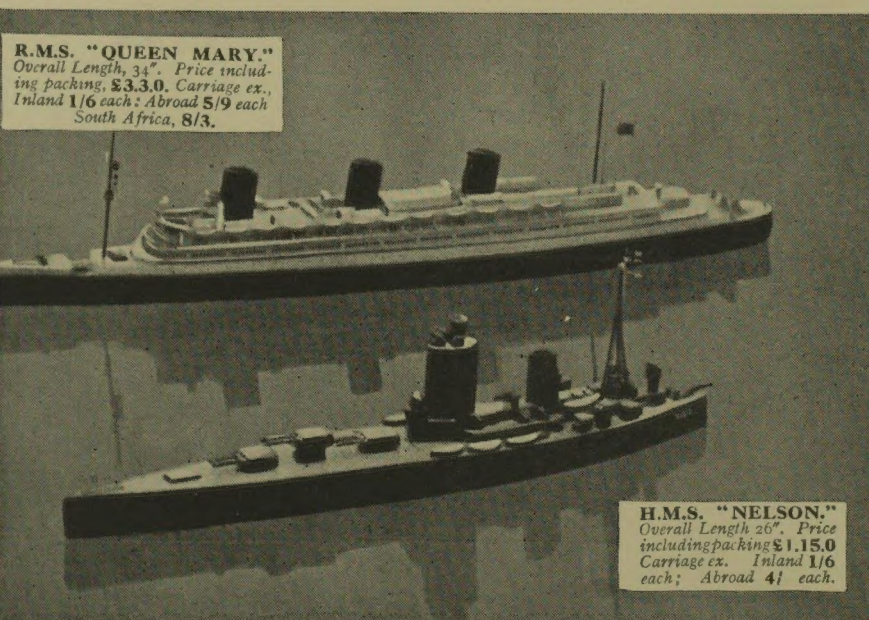
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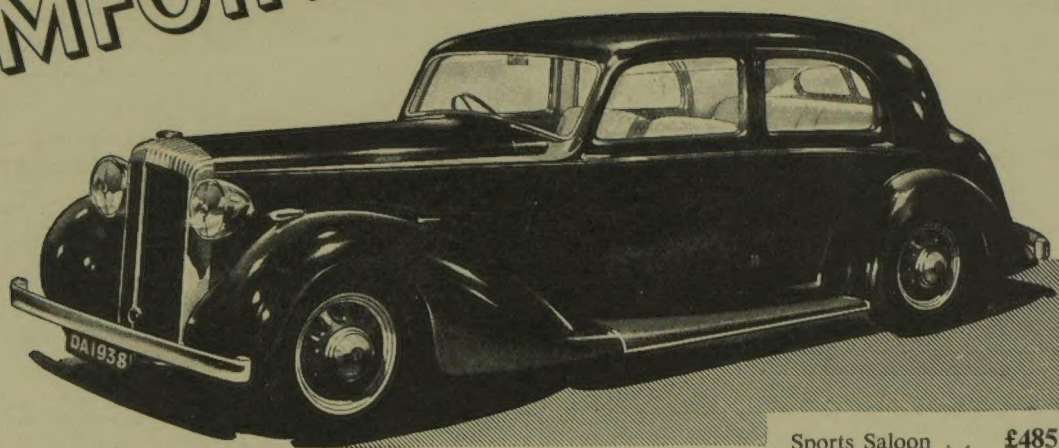
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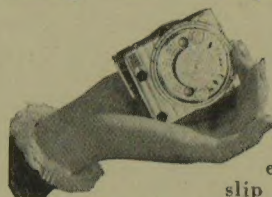
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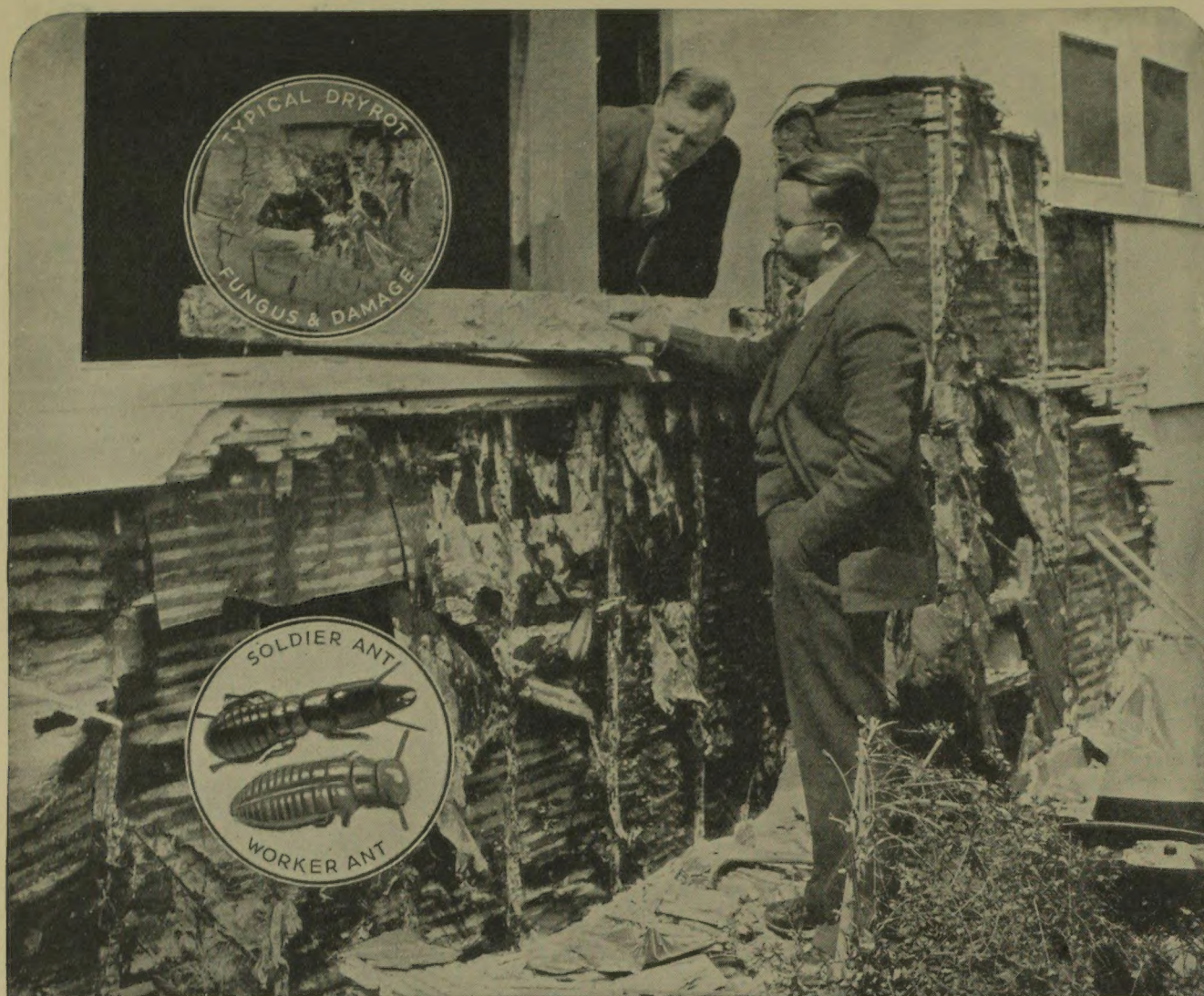


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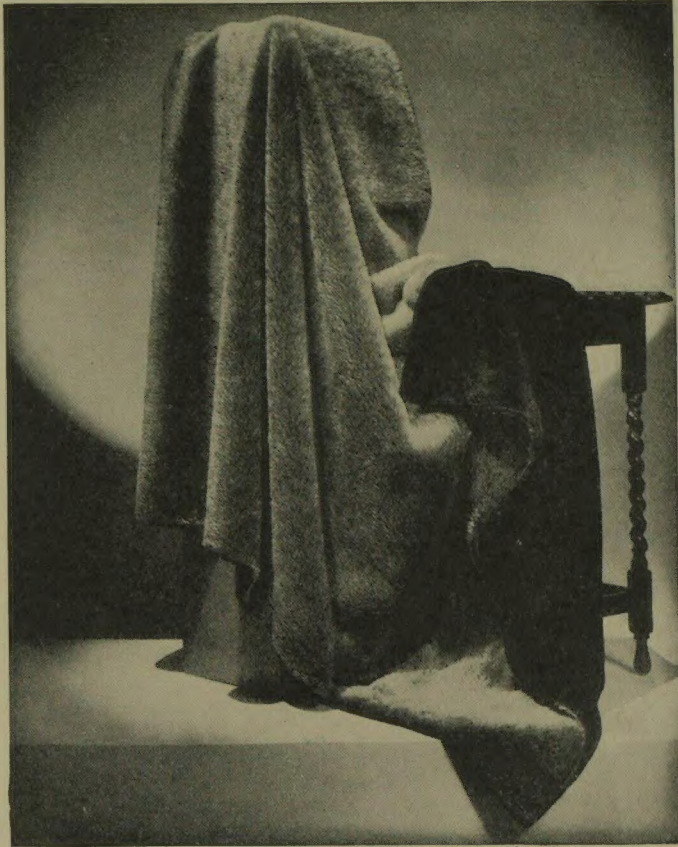
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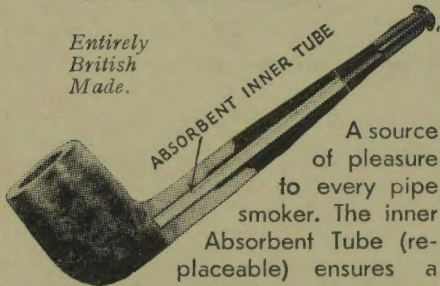
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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1937.



HOME AGAIN AND ALL WELL: "ENDEAVOUR I." TOWED TO GOSPORT AFTER HER LONE CROSSING OF THE ATLANTIC UNDER SAIL—A FINE FEAT OF SEAMANSHIP.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

NEWLYN and Mousehole, the Cornish fishing villages that fringe the coast westwards from Penzance, are from an æsthetic and historical point of view part of the heritage of Britain. They are the resort of artists and of all who hold dear the old maritime pre-eminence of this country. Every year tourists come from all over the world to see them, just as they go to see the Cathedral at Chartres, the Bridge at Avignon, and the mediæval streets of Nuremberg. They do so because these obscure English hamlets form a unique part of the Christian tradition of Europe—the tradition that is to-day dying, or at least not being replaced, and that has provided all that has been best and comeliest in the life of civilised mankind for the past two thousand years. The essence of the Christian tradition was that it was founded for freemen. The little village of Newlyn, with its houses snuggling by the waterside, is the expression of a community of Christian freemen who earned their living by the sea. They were poor, as was inevitable for those who fished the stormy waters where Atlantic and English Channel meet, but they were each man his own master. No rich man's castle or State prison towered above them; they did not live in a communal barracks or in hovels that were at the mercy of tide or plundering soldiery, but in small but solid houses of stone that could bid defiance to winter gales, and last a man his own lifetime and that of his children's children after him. They were an epitome of that ancient saying: that an Englishman's home was his castle. They gave that sense of security and continuance without which individual freedom is a mere name. They stood in the closest possible proximity to that element by which their occupants and, for the most part owners, earned their daily bread—the guarantee of their freedom. Being perfectly adapted for their purpose, they were very seemly. And the years, with their heroic history of struggle against the elements and their benison of long communal life, lent them dignity.

The Corporation of Penzance, or those who execute its functions, do not like tradition. Nor, it seems, do they like freemen. Like Stalin and the satraps who govern the slave world of Muscovy, they have a Five Year Plan. And like Stalin's plan, and that of all despots, it is aggressively beneficial to those who live under it. Its aim is to re-house the inhabitants of Penzance and its environs, whether they like it or not. It may, perhaps, justly be said that people get the Borough Council they deserve, and, for all I know, the people of Penzance have got a very good one, and one which admirably interprets their local wants. But by virtue of that process of whittling away popular rights in the name of rationalisation and paper efficiency in order to extend the power and dignity of officials, the Corporation of Penzance has been given rights, which by any ordinary interpretation of language can only be described as tyrannical, over the people of the neighbouring village of Newlyn. In a free country, whatever the claims of centralisation, they should not have been given such powers; the people of Newlyn, if self-government and the word liberty have any meaning, should have been left the right, as a free community, of deciding the disposal of their own homes and property. Except for life itself, a man can possess nothing more precious. If, in the name of a majority, a distinctive body of free citizens are to be deprived of such rights merely because they happen to be outvoted by some other body with different interests, it is the basest hypocrisy to talk of defending British freedom against the menace of authoritarian philosophy. It has already been destroyed.

But for this, at any rate, the Corporation of Penzance are not to be blamed. That charge lies at the

doors of the Whitehall bureaucrats who gave them that right, and of the subservient Legislature that allowed the usurpation. It is all part of a modern



A BRITISH OFFICIAL IN PALESTINE MURDERED BY ARAB TERRORISTS: THE LATE MR. LEWIS ANDREWS, ACTING DISTRICT COMMISSIONER FOR GALILEE—HERE SEEN BEFORE ENTERING THE CHURCH AT NAZARETH, ON LEAVING WHICH HE WAS SHOT, ALONG WITH A BRITISH CONSTABLE.

heresy that is undermining our whole English democracy: that what is tyranny if done in the name of a single man, is not tyranny if done in the name of a clerkly number. The old theory of the divine right of kings is being enthroned again; only on its head. The power now possessed by the Penzance planners was not of their own taking. The right to deprive freemen of their houses and their property was given to them by those who are supposed to safeguard the interests of the most ancient democracy in the world.

But if one cannot blame the Penzance planners for their possession of a power, one tithe of which brought Charles I. to the scaffold, one can at least protest against the way they are using it. The homes of the Newlyn fishermen apparently offend against two of the great bureaucratic gods of our age: municipal sanitation and fast motoring. The houses are old, and they stand so close to the water's edge that there is not room in places for two vehicles to pass. Yet there has been no accident on that road for many years; there are thousands annually on our expensively planned by-pass roads. The houses may not possess modern sanitation—it could be installed—but they are warm in winter and cool in summer, and most of them are spotlessly clean. The inhabitants of Newlyn are famous for their health and longevity: "people don't die here," one of them told a *Times* representative, "we have to shoot 'em after a certain age." In other words, they are—that rare phenomenon in our planned modern world—contented.

At the moment, however, thanks to the all-pervading planners, they are up in arms. Over a hundred of the ancient houses of Newlyn are to be pulled down, and their owners forcibly ejected and re-housed—if they can afford the rents, which is doubtful—in new Council houses, not on the water's edge, but on a hill almost a mile away. In many cases, nearly half, the owners, for technical reasons well-known to those familiar with the tyrannical terms of our new Housing Acts, are to be given only site value—about £12—for a freehold house with three large rooms, a cellar, and a sail-loft. About a quarter of the people affected by this forcible re-housing scheme are owner-occupiers, who have bought their cottages out of the savings acquired from one of the hardest and most honourable callings in the world. It is no use saying that these honest Cornish men and women, thus driven from and robbed of their ancient habitations, have resort to the open Courts of Law. They have not: the bureaucrats, who framed the Acts which are being used to rob them, saw to that.

Their only resort lies to the public opinion of a country which is still free at heart. A short while ago I had occasion on this page to write somewhat critically, and perhaps unjustly, of the cultural value of reading every word of the daily newspaper. Our Press has many defects; it may perhaps be argued that they are increasing. But, happily, it is still to a large extent a vehicle by which freemen may defend the rights of freemen and express their detestation of tyranny, not only in the abstract, but in the concrete. The publicity which has been given in the Press to the planners' "destruction of Newlyn" has focussed public attention on a ruthless authoritarianism far nearer home than those more advertised ones at Berlin, Rome and Moscow. It is idle tilting against Mussolini and Hitler as foreign despots, when humble Englishmen are being ejected from their homes by Englishmen and robbed under the outward forms of democracy of their life savings. Here is tyranny knocking at our very doors.



MEMBERS OF THE HIGHER ARAB COMMITTEE, AGAINST WHICH THE PALESTINE GOVERNMENT HAS TAKEN DRASTIC ACTION: (FRONT ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT) RAGHEL BEY NASHASHIBI; THE MUFTI (DEPRIVED OF OFFICE); AHMAD HILMI PASHA; ABD EL LATIF BEY ES SALAH; AND MR. ALFRED ROKE; (BACK ROW) JAMAL EFFENDI EL HUSSEINI; DR. HUSSEIN FAKHRI EFFENDI EL KHALIDI, MAYOR OF JERUSALEM; YACUB EFFENDI GHUSSEIN; AND FUAD EFFENDI SABA.

On Sunday, September 26 (his forty-first birthday) Mr. Lewis Yelland Andrews was shot dead by three assailants on leaving the Anglican Church at Nazareth, where he read the Lessons. His bodyguard, Constable Peter Robertson McEwan, was also shot, and died later. Mr. Andrews, an Australian who served in Palestine during the war, had rendered valuable services to the Royal Commission as a liaison officer. He leaves a widow and children. After the murders some 200 arrests were made, though the actual assassins escaped. On October 1 the Palestine Government declared the Higher Arab Committee and all national committees to be unlawful associations. The Mufti of Jerusalem, Haj Amin Effendi al Hussein, was deprived of his office as President of the Moslem Supreme Council and of his membership of the General Waki Committee, of which he was chairman. Orders were given for the arrest and deportation of the following members of the Higher Arab Committee—Jamal Effendi el Hussein, President of the Mufti's Arab Party; Ahmad Hilmi Pasha, director of the Arab Bank; Dr. Hussein Kakhri Effendi el Khalidi, Mayor of Jerusalem; Yacub Effendi Ghusein; and the secretary, Fuad Effendi Saba. The manager of the Haifa branch of the Arab Bank was also arrested. On October 3 it was stated that only Jamal Effendi el Hussein had not been found; the others had been sent in a destroyer to the Seychelles.

THE "CHEYENNE" SPEAKS "ENDEAVOUR I.": NATIONAL ANXIETY RELIEVED.

FROM THE PICTURE BY FRANK H. MASON.

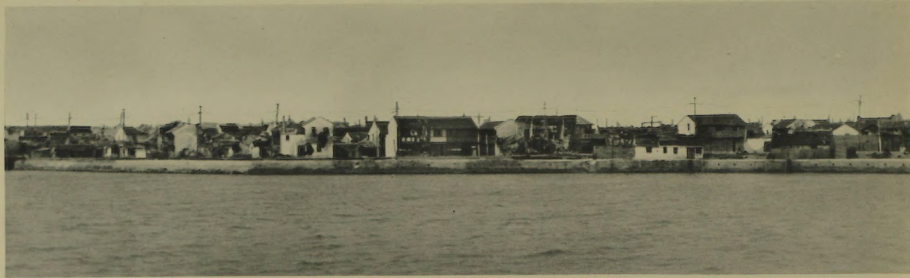


HOW THE WORLD LEARNT OF "ENDEAVOUR I.'S" SAFETY: THE MEETING WITH THE "CHEYENNE," AFTER THE FAMOUS RACING YACHT HAD BROKEN ADRIFT IN A HURRICANE AND SAILED 2500 MILES ACROSS THE ATLANTIC, ALONE.

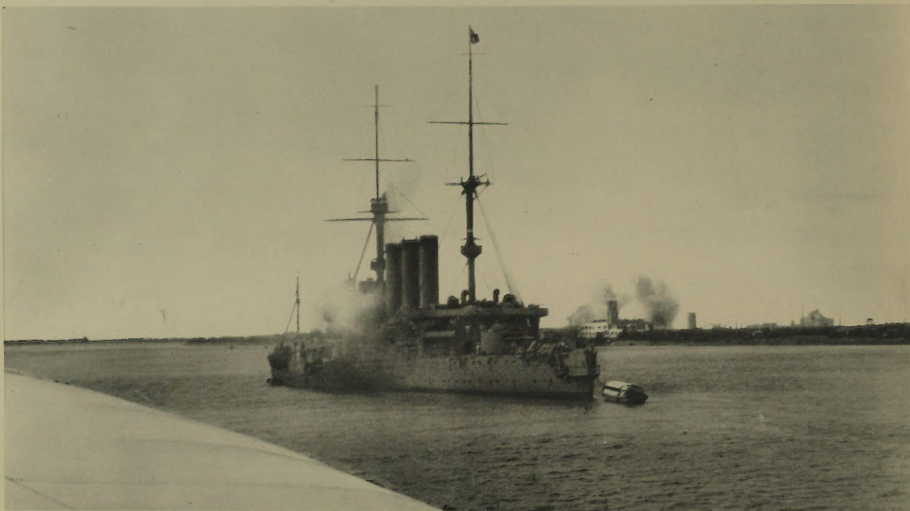
As noted in our last issue, the "Endeavour I.," the big British racing yacht which crossed to the United States as pace-maker for the "Endeavour II." in the "America's" Cup races, broke adrift from the "Viva II." the motor yacht which was towing her back, during a hurricane 170 miles east of the Nantucket Lightship. Much anxiety was felt for "Endeavour I.," until, on September 27, she was sighted by the British tanker "Cheyenne" 260 miles S.W. of the Fastnet, when "Endeavour I." had sailed about 2500 miles across the Atlantic. The yacht was first seen by the tanker, on the extreme horizon, early in the morning.

The tanker altered course to close her. "Endeavour I." signalled "GWSF—MIL," code signs for "Endeavour I. Report me to owners via Lloyd's." Drawing closer, the steamer sent a semaphore message. The yacht was then making about eight knots on the port tack with the wind north-east. "Endeavour I.'s" log, after detailing the ship's experiences in riding out the hurricane, and her dally progress, thus describes the meeting: "... At 10.20 a.m. British tanker Cheyenne overtook us. Hoisted signals to report us at Lloyd's by wireless; spoke to her by semaphore to report us all well..."

THE JAPANESE FLEET AT SHANGHAI: WARSHIPS IN ACTION



BEFORE BEING HEAVILY BOMBARDED BY THE JAPANESE: THE APPEARANCE OF WOOSUNG, THE RIVERSIDE VILLAGE NEAR SHANGHAI, ON AUGUST 18; SHOWING A FEW HOUSES DAMAGED BY SHELLS.



THE JAPANESE FLAGSHIP AT SHANGHAI, WHICH APPEARS TO BEAR A CHARMED LIFE: THE OLD CRUISER "IZUMO"—WHICH THE CHINESE HAVE TRIED TO DESTROY BY SHELL, BOMB, AND MINE, AS YET, IN VAIN—SEEN FIRING A SALVO AT CHAPEL.



WE give here some graphic photographs of the operations on the Whangpoo River at Shanghai. They are typical of what has been happening at Shanghai since the fighting there first began. Woosung, at the mouth of the Whangpoo, appears to have been used by the Japanese as a disembarkation point in the early stages of the operations. Readers may recall the photograph we reproduced in our issue of September 11, showing Japanese cruisers bombarding this place. The Japanese flagship "Izumo" has figured continually in reports of the Shanghai fighting. At the time of writing, she is still

A JAPANESE DESTROYER IN ACTION IN THE WHANGPOO: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN JUST AFTER SHE HAD FIRED AT A CHINESE POSITION BEHIND JUKONG WHAIR.

ON THE WHANGPOO; AND THEIR DESTRUCTIVE WORK.



WOOSUNG AFTER FOUR DAYS OF POINT-BLANK BOMBARDMENT BY JAPANESE DESTROYERS IN THE WHANGPOO RIVER AND DIVE-BOMBING BY AEROPLANES: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ON AUGUST 22.



AN AMERICAN WARSHIP DAMAGED AT SHANGHAI: THE U.S. CRUISER "AUGUSTA," WHICH WAS HIT BY AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT SHELL; PHOTOGRAPHED WHEN THE JAPANESE BOMBARDMENT HAD CAUSED A SEVERE FIRE IN POOTUNG.

undamaged. The fact that she has apparently remained in the Whangpoo, stationary for long periods, moored off the Japanese Consulate, with Chinese artillery on both sides of her, some guns even firing practically point-blank from Pootung, suggests that Chinese gunnery is somewhat deficient. She has also been a target for aeroplane attacks—notably that of August 14, when Shanghai was bombed by mistake. Finally, she has been twice attacked from the water, once by a Chinese motor torpedo-boat, and, more recently, by a party of heroic Chinese who swam out to her with a mine.

WHERE A JAPANESE BOMBARDMENT WAS THE CAUSE OF SEVERE DAMAGE TO BRITISH PROPERTY: THE SMOKE FROM A BIG FIRE IN POOTUNG DRIFTING ACROSS THE WHANGPOO.



ADVENTURES IN NEW GUINEA.

"THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT": By MICHAEL LEAHY AND MAURICE CRAIN.*

By SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

"THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT": that is the title of the book. A hundred years ago there were plenty of lands which Time Forgot, lands in Asia, Africa, and America, where people still went on in their primitive way, and did not move with the times. Now they all have to move with the times, and unless some method is found of flying to the planets, it seems likely that all of us, whether New Guineans or English people, will be subjected to civilisation, so far as we have reached it. There are gaps in the Upper Reaches of the Amazon, there are parts in Turkestan, for all the efforts of Mr. Peter Fleming. There is the centre of Australia, and, apparently, there are bits of New Guinea. One of the authors of this book, Mr. Leahy, has received the Murchison Grant award in recognition of his work in Papua; the highest mountain in the island, very nearly as high as Mont Blanc, is called Mount Leahy. He is an Australian of thirty-five; and he and his friends appear to be daring.

The book is not a severe exploratory book, like the works of Sir Aurel Stein; and it isn't a Negley Farson book with a person as the centre of it. It is the rather hasty record of two youngish men who went to New Guinea looking for gold and found people, and photographed them. The first person singular is used, so that one must assume that Mr. Leahy is the author. This is how he talks when he sets out: "The prospect of sudden wealth is doubtless stimulating at any age, but to me, at twenty-four, the excitement of taking part in a gold-rush was what mattered most. At that moment, I would not have changed places with any man alive."

"The lounging groups on deck did a lot of talking, but nobody had much real information."

"It's richer than the Klondike. A man with a good box can take out more than a hundred ounces a day. Why—"

"How do you build a mining box, anyway?"

"Never mind, we'll find out when we get there."

"The Swede nudged me, and spat a stream of tobacco-juice over the rail."

"Those chaps don't know nothin'. Come on, Mick—your name's Mick, ain't it?—there's a fellow over here who can tell us a few things."

The fellow told them; there was only a handful of white people on the island; they were all going to get in on the ground floor.

There was a good deal of mining; fortunes, so far as I can make out, were not made. But observations, both of geography and of men, were made, and I can't help thinking that our authors, not yet millionaires, for all their delving and washing, found consolation in meeting those unspoiled tribes in that almost inaccessible island. "At Lehuna we were on the edge of one of the world's last great mysteries, an area of several thousand square miles still unmapped, unexplored, and believed to be uninhabited. The mountain barrier, rearing steeply up to 10,000 feet and higher from the flat lands of the coast, was so rugged and so thickly covered with vegetation that it seemed impossible for men to exist there. Exploration had stopped at the fringes of population, since the difficulties of transport made it necessary for overland explorations to live off the country. Various attempts to push into the unexplored centre of the island by ascending the Purari River from the south coast, and the Sepik and Ramu from the north coast, had met with failure, since

all three river routes were found to be blocked by waterfalls and rapids."

In other words, barring the middle of South America, into which Colonel Fawcett disappeared all those years ago, New Guinea, with its mountains, tropical vegetation, and insects, is one of the last of the inaccessible. It seems likely to remain so if it isn't worth the white man's mining. And he who goes for gold returns with ethnology. "A warrior with a raw scar on his chest, and a hideous face, had a ten-inch cassowary bone, ground sharp, sticking out from a band round his forehead. Cassowary plumes appeared in the head-dresses of a good many. Cowrie

who had come to meet us carried two or three of these quivers full of arrows in a net bag suspended down his back, one quiver being placed conveniently over his left shoulder, so that only the slightest movement of his right hand would be needed to grasp an arrow and fit it to the bow." All that, of course, sounds very primitive. We have Big Berthas, tanks, machine-guns, bombs, and *flammenwerfers*; but our ancestors, who still exist in New Guinea, have much the same notions about projecting projectiles; they merely don't do it quite so devastatingly, although they have had no Platos and Shakespeares.

The more I read this book, the more I wondered whether they weren't just as well off in "the Land that Time Forgot" as we are with our weapons of destruction, our submarines, our suspicions, our jealousies, our fears, and our communications. Mr. Leahy says: "At one place I found an ultra-conservative *lapoon* (old man) who had a positive prejudice against such modern innovations as steel hatchets. I offered him one for a pig, but he showed me his much heavier stone-axe with obvious pride, his attitude apparently being: 'What was good enough for grandpa is good enough for me.'"

There is another extract I should like to make, much along the same lines: "On this trip I was able to form some tentative conclusions about the social organisations of the villages. There seemed to be no chiefs or persons of recognised authority among them. We dealt largely with the older men, as they appeared to have a larger voice in affairs than any other group, but noticed that their orders were not always obeyed by younger persons. Women appeared to be the gardeners and traders, and when we bought food, we traded with the women. Each village appeared to be constantly at war with at least some of its neighbours, though there were usually a few individuals from each village who were on good terms with the people of the enemy villages. From this we were inclined to believe that inter-marriage between villages was the rule."

"When we were approaching civilization again, Dwyer and I began to think of the consequences of our discoveries."

"What is going to happen to those thousands of niggers on the Bina Bina," mused Dwyer, "when we get out and publish our little story?"

"Well, for one thing," I replied, "there will be a stampede of labour recruiters into that territory."

"And what will happen to our little cannibal friends when they are brought out to see the wonders of civilization?"

"The first thing that will happen to them," I said, "is that they will get malaria when brought down to the coast, and, being mountain natives, they'll probably die like flies. A nice thing to think about, isn't it?"

"We decided then not to do any talking about the big native population we had found until we had an opportunity to make a full report to a responsible official. The Government very wisely placed restrictions on recruiting activities in the district we had explored, and the tragedy I feared has been avoided."

"Eppur si muove!" as Galileo remarked; our latest colonies are the best administered; we stop the cannibalism, stop the exploitation and work through the people's own institutions. To suggest that New Guinea may in time be the brightest jewel in the Imperial Crown may be going too far; but it does seem to have a population in which white visitors, from Mr. Monckton onwards, cannot help taking an interest—and there is still to come the book about the race of pale-faced cottage-gardeners recently discovered in the middle.



NEAR A SING-SING GROUND: MR. DAN LEAHY INVESTIGATING A SKULL SHRINE ON THE GAUL.

"Our guides had told us of another village ahead, and as we approached its sing-sing ground, the path widened out and attractive arrangements of flowers and ornamental shrubs appeared. Among these were small, box-like structures made of bark, set on poles several feet above the ground. They looked very much like the bird-cages I had made as a boy. I looked into one of them through a sort of peep-hole and saw three grinning skulls inside. From our guide, Keluwere, we learned that they were shrines, and that the skulls were those of departed inhabitants of the village."

shells seemed to be abundant, even babies having bands of them tied about their heads. Nearly all the men and boys wore a sort of gauntlet



WEARING THE NECKLACE OF VINE HE WILL SWALLOW ON OCCASION: A BINA BINA MAN.

"Another mystery Joe solved was that concerning the curious loops of vine worn around the necks of the men. On certain occasions, he said, they would swallow this length of vine, forcing a doubled loop of it down their throats and into their stomachs, believing that by so doing they would become strong and brave. Joe himself had been initiated recently into this practice, and persuaded some of the men to go through with it for our benefit. They were most careful not to do it in the presence of women or uninitiated boys."

All Reproductions from "The Land That Time Forgot" by Courtesy of the Authors and the Publishers.

on the left wrist, apparently to protect them from the bowstring. Bows and arrows were much in evidence, even tiny children carrying miniature bows, but I didn't see any spears.

"The bows seemed rather good weapons, but the arrows were merely light reeds, topped with points of hard wood and not feathered. The quivers were made of hollow lengths of bamboo, perhaps three inches in diameter, and each quiver held many arrows. Each of the fighting men



A WARRIOR OF THE MIDDLE WAHGI: A SPEAR-FIGHTER WITH A PIERCED NOSE.

* "The Land that Time Forgot: Adventures and Discoveries in New Guinea." By Michael Leahy and Maurice Crain. (Hurst and Blackett; 12s. 6d.)

IN THE SHANGHAI WAR ZONE: TYPICAL CHINESE AND JAPANESE TROOPS.



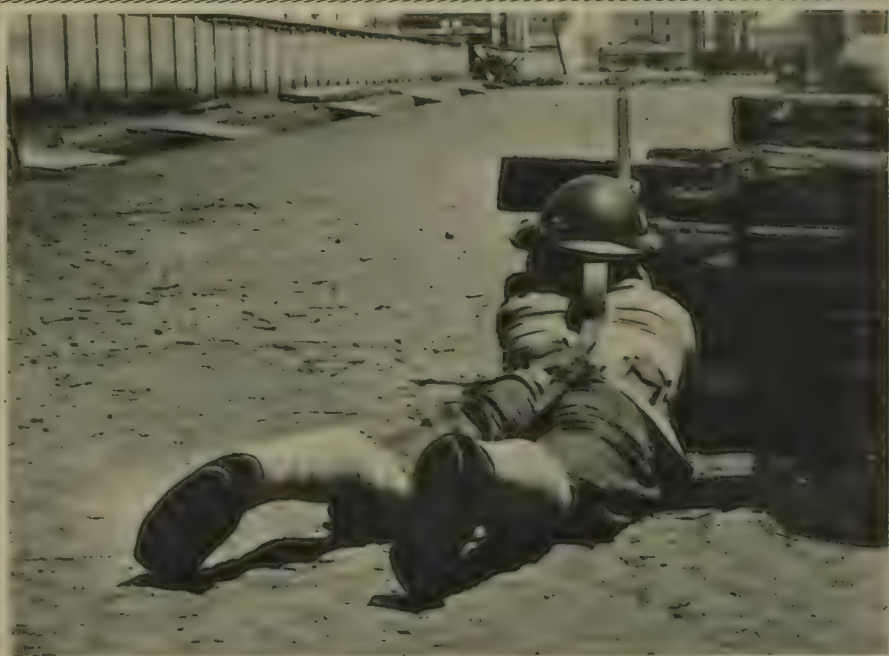
A WARNING TO PREVENT JAPANESE AIRMEN FROM BOMBING THEIR COMRADES IN ERROR: A JAPANESE FLAG SPREAD ON THE GROUND.



MECHANISED WARFARE IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF SHANGHAI: A CHINESE TANK CAPTURED BY THE JAPANESE DURING RECENT FIGHTING.



A SIGN THAT THE JAPANESE CONTROL THE WHANGPOO RIVER, ON WHICH SHANGHAI STANDS: A JAPANESE SENTRY ON THE QUAYSIDE.



ON THE DEFENDING SIDE OF THE STREET FIGHTING IN CERTAIN DISTRICTS OF SHANGHAI: A CHINESE SOLDIER BEHIND A TIMBER BARRICADE AT A POINT WITHIN EARSHOT OF THE JAPANESE LINES.



WITH THE DEFENDERS' ARTILLERY—REPORTED TO HAVE BEEN REINFORCED AND TO HAVE OPENED AN EFFECTIVE BOMBARDMENT: A FIELD-GUN OF A CHINESE BATTERY, HIDDEN AMONG TREES, SHELLING JAPANESE POSITIONS.



WITH HIS STEEL HELMET CAMOUFLAGED BY LEAVES: A JAPANESE OBSERVER LOOKING OVER A TRENCH PARAPET WITH FIELD-GLASSES.



A JAPANESE MACHINE-GUN POST, WITH SANDBAG PROTECTION, ON A ROOF: A TYPICAL PHASE OF THE STREET FIGHTING IN SHANGHAI.



A QUIET HOUR AT A JAPANESE OUTPOST ON THE SHANGHAI FRONT: A GROUP OF STEEL-HELMETED SOLDIERS RESTING IN A TRENCH.

News from Shanghai on October 3 stated that throughout that day severe fighting had occurred north-west of the city, and that the Chinese had withdrawn. Tanks and artillery were used on each side, and the Japanese were assisted by fire from their warships in the Whangpoo River. Nearly all day the flagship "Izumo" bombarded Chinese positions with her 6-inch guns, and the whole city was shaken by the firing. Mr. Pembroke Stephens writes (in "The Daily Telegraph and Morning Post"): "I have never seen such steadfastness and such courage in facing attack as the Chinese showed during the battle. . . . With no 'planes and with the

minimum of artillery, they stood up to scores of heavy guns and heavy tanks and masses of infantry well equipped with every modern arm." Later reports on October 4 said that the Japanese were making great efforts to break the Chinese resistance, concentrating on two points—Kiangwan (5 miles from the International Settlement) and the native quarter of Chapel. Despite 40 hours of continuous bombing and bombardment, however, the Chinese had so far held their positions; they had received reinforcements of heavy artillery and opened an intense fire on the enemy lines, scoring a direct hit on the Japanese landing headquarters.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



HYÆNAS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

THE hyænas—there are three species—according to those who are familiar with their ways in a wild state, are evil and unsavoury beasts in regard to their habits, and repulsive in appearance, though this "repulsiveness" surely does not apply to the striped hyæna. No man seems ever to have found a good word to say for them. Nevertheless, when they come to be studied dispassionately they prove to be singularly interesting creatures. But that study must, for the most part, be a post-mortem one, for then we find the clue to what was so unamiable in their lives. It must also be extended to include their near relations, recent and fossil. With our survey thus widened, we gain an insight into hyænas in the making which helps us to see a little further into the effects of inherited habit, founded more largely, perhaps, on inherited tastes than is generally supposed.

In their deeper-seated anatomical characters, they are more nearly related to the *Viverridae*, or civet-cat tribe, than to the dogs, which are commonly supposed to be their nearest relations. Yet, in the matter of their teeth they more nearly resemble the dogs than the civet tribe. This is not to be taken as a contradiction to what I have just said in regard to the civets. To interpret the evidence we have to examine the teeth of the extinct *Cynodictis*, wherein the great upper "carnassial," or "flesh-tooth," presents characters which serve as a connecting link between the civet tribe on the one hand, and the dogs and foxes on the other.

So much for origins. We must now turn to the hyænas. These, it will be remembered, are notorious for their love

in length, is the last of the great pre-molar grinders, seen in Fig. 3. Its "cutting" edge is formed of three conical lobes, placed one behind the other, and a large inner cusp, or lobe, at the front end of the tooth. The tooth next in front is also of great size, and formed of a central cone, with a small cone in front and behind. The second tooth in this row is of similar form, but markedly smaller; while

this has become reduced to a mere vestige. The rest have been crowded out of existence by the excessive growth of the series in front—the "pre-molars."

The more easily to gain a clear conception of these remarkable teeth, they should be compared with those of a fox (Fig. 4) or, better still, a visit should be paid to some museum where a comparison can be made between these teeth and those of a fox or dog, and the Indian civet, when it will be seen that there are *two* true molars in the jaw, one of these conspicuously large.

Finally, the smashing power of these teeth is furnished by enormous muscles extending from the brain-case outwards to great outstanding arches of bone on each side of the skull behind the teeth, as may be seen in Fig. 3. This great mass of muscle then converges to its insertion into the great vertical plate of the lower jaw.

There are but three species of hyænas living to-day: the spotted, the striped (Fig. 2), and the brown hyæna; and of these the most interesting is the last-named, which has now become very rare, owing to the merciless war of extermination waged upon it in South Africa. It presents several characters in regard to its coloration, reminiscent of the striped-hyæna on the one hand and the spotted-hyæna on the other. I particularly wanted to show my readers a photograph of a living animal, but it was not to be had. In despair of securing any presentation of its appearance in life, I turned to my old friend Mr. J. B. Burlace, who sent me the photograph (Fig. 1) of a specimen he had had mounted for the Natural History Museum. It has been so beautifully modelled that, had it been "faked" by standing it among grass, it might well have passed for a "snapshot" from life! Compared with the striped species, it will be seen that it lacks the very conspicuous crest of long hair along the back, and the dark body stripes, while the transverse bars of brownish-black on the legs show up in the photograph but indistinctly against their dark-brown background. The tail is well furnished with long

1. NOW ALMOST EXTERMINATED IN MOST PARTS OF SOUTH AFRICA SOUTH OF THE ZAMBESI, ON ACCOUNT, IT IS SAID, OF ITS RAIDS ON SHEEP: THE BROWN HYÆNA, OR "STRAND-WOLF," OF THE CAPE, WHICH IS OF AN ALMOST UNIFORM DULL BROWN HUE, BUT BEARS DISTINCT TRACES OF A FORMER STRIPED COAT—CLEARLY SEEN IN THE DARKER BARS ACROSS THE LEGS.

Photograph by Courtesy of the Rowland Ward Trustees.

the first of the series forms but a small, simple cone. In the lower jaw all these teeth are extremely large, the first three formed of a cone, with a small cone in front and behind, at the base. The fourth, and last, is bi-lobed, and bears three small cusps at the hinder end of the base. The result,

hair, but not to the extent seen in its striped cousin. In the old days, when this animal was abundant at the Cape, it was known as the "strand-wolf," from its habit of frequenting the shores of Table Bay and other parts of the coast, in search of porpoises or whales, or such other carrion as might be cast ashore.

The spotted hyæna (*Hyæna crocuta*), the largest of the three species, has been well described as ugly, and big-headed, with low, sloping hind-quarters. During the



2. DISTINGUISHED BY ITS ZEBRA-LIKE STRIPES, THE LONG MANE, THE CREST OF HAIR ALONG THE BACK, AND THE CONSPICUOUSLY BUSHY TAIL: THE STRIPED HYÆNA OF PENINSULAR INDIA AND NORTH AFRICA, WHOSE FOSSIL REMAINS HAVE BEEN FOUND IN THE ENGLISH RED CRAG.

Photograph by D. Seth-Smith.

of carrion. They occupy the place taken by the vultures among the birds. Indeed, the two not infrequently share the same carcase. What engendered the taste for this, to us, unsavoury diet? We cannot attribute it to "natural selection," but we may, and quite reasonably, explain it as a diet which we appealed to their discriminating palates. It is an inherited liking for food which most other animals leave untouched, though dogs, especially when hungry, will, on occasion, deign to eat it. Among the insects, there are many species which thrive on carrion, and lay their eggs therein. But these creatures, which we regard as so repugnant to our ideas of what is seemly, are really benefactors, since they clear the ground of offensive matter which, left undisturbed, would serve as a cultivating medium for the spread of disease.

And now to return to our hyænas. The effect of this diet has manifested itself in many ways, and nowhere is this more noticeable than in regard to their teeth. Carrion-eating, by itself, would have inevitably brought in its train a reduction in their size and number. But hyæna-teeth are remarkable for their enormous size; a fact which has come about because their fondness for decaying or putrid meat was accompanied by a fondness for bones, which dogs also show. But the bone-smashing capacity of a hyæna is immensely greater than that of a dog, and, in consequence, the teeth have attained to their present huge dimensions. The largest, rather more than an inch

when the two jaws are working together, is that flesh is cut as by a pair of shears, while bones are held in a vice-like grip while being smashed.

The mere reading of this description, will, I know well, convey no more than a very general impression of this wonderful bone-smashing apparatus. The photograph will help to make it more apparent. But this, it must be noted, loses impressiveness, because it shows these teeth reduced in size. There is one other point to be noticed. And this concerns the hindmost grinders, or true molars. Only one of these is left in the striped-hyæna, and



3. SHOWING THE ENORMOUS SIZE OF THE "CHEEK-TEETH," OR GRINDERS, USED FOR SMASHING THE BONES OF THEIR QUARRY, WORK IN WHICH THEY ARE ASSISTED BY THE LARGE JAW-MUSCLES, WHICH EXTEND FROM THE BRAIN-CASE TO THE GREAT OUTSTANDING BARS OF BONE ON EACH SIDE OF THE HEAD AND INTO THE LOWER JAW: THE SKULL OF A STRIPED HYÆNA.



4. WITH TWO TRUE MOLARS BEHIND THE "PRE-MOLARS": THE SKULL OF A FOX—FOR COMPARISON WITH THAT OF THE STRIPED HYÆNA, IN WHICH THE GREAT SIZE OF THE TEETH HAS BROUGHT ABOUT THE SHORTENING OF THE PALATE, LEAVING NO ROOM FOR TRUE MOLARS.

Pleistocene, its geographical range extended to the British Islands. Its remains are found in many of our caves. But this, the "cave-hyæna," was still larger.

THE PIETY OF THE CHINESE WOMAN: OBSERVING IMMEMORIAL RITES.



CHINA'S PIOUS WOMANHOOD: A CROWDED TEMPLE ENTRANCE IN NANKING.



CHINESE WOMEN AT PRAYER: SUPPLICANTS IN THEIR GRACEFUL MODERN DRESS KOWTOWING TO THE GODS.



A WOMAN PASSING FROM ALTAR TO ALTAR IN PRAYER: A WORSHIPPER IN A CHINESE TEMPLE; CHARACTERISTIC OF MILLIONS OF YOUNG CHINESE WIVES.



"CONSULTING THE ORACLE" IN A TEMPLE: A CHINESE WOMAN CASTING BAMBOO LOTS, STICKS WHICH ARE NUMBERED TO CORRESPOND WITH PAPER SLIPS HELD BY THE PRESIDING MONK, AND INFORM HER WHETHER HER PRAYERS WILL BE ANSWERED OR NOT.



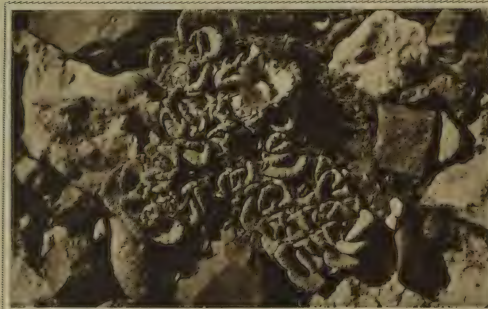
IN MODERN CHINA, WHERE TRADITIONAL PIETY STILL SURVIVES AMONG WOMEN: A TYPICAL SCENE IN A TEMPLE COURTYARD.

Of the three historic religions of China, Taoism in its later phases has been little more than a congeries of superstitions which must gradually lose their vitality. The same may be said of the cruder side of popular Buddhism. Confucianism, although it has a religious aspect, denotes a social code and an attitude towards life, rather than a religion. Although, obviously, no longer adequate to the changed conditions, it retains great vitality; it forms the mental background, and in part orientates the lives of many educated Chinese who hold no religious beliefs at all definitely. There

is little in Confucianism which is incompatible with either Buddhism or Christianity. The sanctity of the family corporation finds expression in ancestor-worship. It is the corner-stone of the Confucian teaching, which gives first place to filial piety and discourages children from going away from their ageing parents. In comparison with the family, the individual counts for little. To it he owes implicit loyalty. Marriage, for instance, is a contract between two family corporations arranged without reference to the individuals concerned.

PLANTS WHICH SERVE AS THEIR OWN "WATER-TANKS" IN

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A FAMOUS PLANT WHICH GROWS ONLY IN LIMESTONE SOIL IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF THE ORANGE RIVER: *TITANOPSIS CALCAREA*, WHOSE LEAVES ARE COVERED WITH WHITE INCrustATIONS RESEMBLING THE PEBBLES OF ITS ENVIRONMENT.



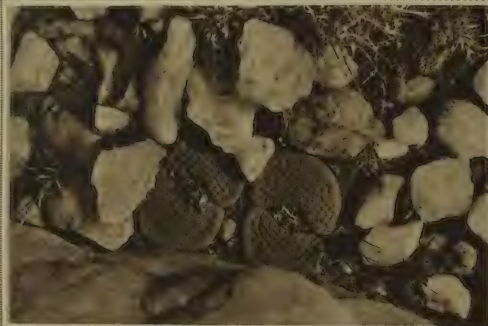
HOW SUCCULENT PLANTS MAY HARMONISE WITH THEIR SURROUNDINGS: *DINTERANTHUS PUBERULOUS*—A PLANT OF SILVERY-WHITE COLOUR AND SMOOTH TEXTURE, GROWING AMONGST WHITE PEBBLES OF THE SAME SHAPE.



DEMONSTRATING THE BEAUTIFUL TYPE OF FLOWER SOME OF THESE DESERT PLANTS BEAR: *JUTTAIDANTHUS SUAVISSIMA*, A PLANT WITH A SWEET-SCENTED PURE WHITE BLOOM, TWO INCHES ACROSS, GROWING IN THE NAMIB DESERT.



YET ANOTHER OF NATURE'S METHODS OF CAMOUFLAGE: *PSAMMOPHORA NISSEBII*, WHOSE LEAVES ARE COVERED WITH A STICKY SECRETION TO WHICH SAND-GRAINS ADHERE, CLOTHING THE PLANT IN A PROTECTIVE COVERING OF SAND AND GRIT.



WITH SUCCULENT LEAVES MUCH SOUGHT-AFTER AS FOOD BY THE BOTTENVOET: *LITHOPUS TURBINIFORMIS*, WHOSE PAIRED LEAF-BODIES, FLUSH WITH THE GROUND, BEAR A DELICATE PATTERN ETCHED ON THE SURFACE.



SIMULATING THE TEXTURE OF THE SANDSTONE AMONGST WHICH IT GROWS: *PLEIOSIPHON NELLI*—A BROWN PLANT WITH GOLDEN-YELLOW FLOWERS AND A MEMBER OF THE RAREST GENUS—PHOTOGRAPHED IN ITS NATURAL SURROUNDINGS.

Succulents—a term which embraces all plants with thick, fleshy leaves and stems—form an interesting group which have adapted themselves to the arid conditions of desert regions by developing thick skins on the leaves and stems, which prevent excessive evaporation in spite of extreme heat. At the same time they have very few roots, and this prevents them taking in too much moisture during the rainy season. They have been used in this country for some time as greenhouse and rocky plants, and there is now an increasing tendency to employ them as "dot" plants and edgings for borders. For this reason the reproduction of an African desert, planted

with succulents, attracted much attention at this year's Chelsea Flower Show. Doubtless our readers are familiar with cacti, aloes, sedums, sempervivums, and mesembryanthemums, but these are features connected with the African succulents which are particularly interesting and can only be studied when they are seen against their natural background. Most of the plants which are illustrated on these pages have been chosen in order to demonstrate one of these features—the extraordinary manner in which they may simulate their immediate environment as regards shape, colour, and sometimes even texture of the stones amongst which they grow. In some cases,

DESERT REGIONS: RARE SPECIES OF AFRICAN SUCCULENTS.

BY CARL LUCKHOFF.



UNIQUE IN THAT THE LEAF-BODIES HAVE A TRANSLUCENT SURFACE, APPEARING ABOVE GROUND, WHICH ADMITS LIGHT TO THE INTERIOR OF THE GREY-GREEN LEAVES: *HAWORTHIA RETUSA* IN ITS NATURAL ENVIRONMENT.



WITH LEAF-BODIES ENSHEATHED IN A SILVERY-GREY PROTECTIVE COVERING—THE REMAINS OF THE PREVIOUS SEASON'S GROWTH, WHICH DROPS AWAY IN WINTER: *MEYEROPHYTUM MEYERI*; SHOWING THE DISTINCTIVE RINGED STEMS.



GIVING SOME IDEA OF THE MANNER IN WHICH SUCCULENTS CLOSELY SIMULATE THEIR ENVIRONMENT: AN AREA OF WHITE QUARTZ COVERED WITH THE SILVERY-WHITE *GIBBAEUM ALBUM* (THE POSITION OF SOME INDICATED BY ARROWS).



ANOTHER MEMBER OF THE GENUS *PLEIOSIPHON*, WHICH INCLUDES THE MOST FLESHY OF ALL THE SUCCULENTS, IN ITS NATURAL ENVIRONMENT: *PLEIOSIPHON SIMELANS*, WHICH IS KNOWN LOCALLY AS THE "LIVER PLANT."



A PLANT WHICH IS EXTREMELY RARE AND HAS A VERY LIMITED DISTRIBUTION: *RIEMARIA RHATHII* (VAR. *MAJOR*), WHICH GROWS ON SOFT SHALE SLOPES EXPOSED TO A FULL DAY'S SUN—THE SUCCULENT LEAF-BODIES HAVE A TOUGH CUTICLE.

the harmony may be so complete that, to the inexperienced, differentiation may not be possible without actually feeling with the fingers. An instance of this is *Rimaria Rhathii* (var. *major*), which grows on soft shale. The colour of the plant matches the blue-grey of the shale exactly. The solution of this problem of the relationship of the plants to their surroundings has not yet been discovered by scientists. *Haworthia retusa* is notable for the translucent surface of the leaf-bodies, which admits light to the interior of the leaves. The surface is as shiny as a mirror and covered with beautiful dendritic markings. The colour is grey-green, and the leaves measure

1 in. to 1½ in. by ½ in. Another remarkable plant (it figures on the 10s. postage stamp of the Protectorate) is the *Welwitschia mirabilis*, which is found in the most arid districts near the South-West African coasts. It has proved extremely difficult to keep this plant under artificial conditions in this country, as it requires a high temperature, the most impoverished soil, and constant exposure to the sun. Although these succulents may grow abundantly in small areas, they remain strictly localized and are, in all cases, of extreme rarity. These localities are situated in the desert and semi-desert regions of the Union of South Africa, South-West Africa, and Bechuanaland.

NEW CLUES TO HITTITE HISTORY IN SYRIA.

THE COMING OF THAT "ENIGMATIC RACE" DATED BACK TO THE 16TH CENTURY B.C., SUPPORTING BIBLICAL TRADITION: DISCOVERIES AT ATCHANA, NEAR ANTIOCH—CUNEIFORM TABLETS AND A HITHERTO UNKNOWN POTTERY WITH MINOAN AFFINITIES.

By SIR LEONARD WOOLLEY. Photographs by Courtesy of the Trustees of the British Museum. (See Illustrations on the opposite page.)

THE excavations at Atchana, near Antioch, in North Syria, which are being carried out in the interest of the British Museum, have given in a short space of time results of very great importance. Our main object was to throw light upon the painted pottery, of which sherds were found in a trial trench dug last year across the top of the mound; pottery which presented on the one hand striking analogies with that of Minoan Crete, and on the other a resemblance no less marked to vases found as far away to the east as Nuzi and Tal Billah, beyond the River Tigris. Now we have a large collection of this peculiar ware, a collection consisting largely of fragments (Fig. 1) which illustrate the wide range of decorative motives employed, but with a certain number of complete, or semi-complete, vases which show how this decoration was applied to different vase forms.

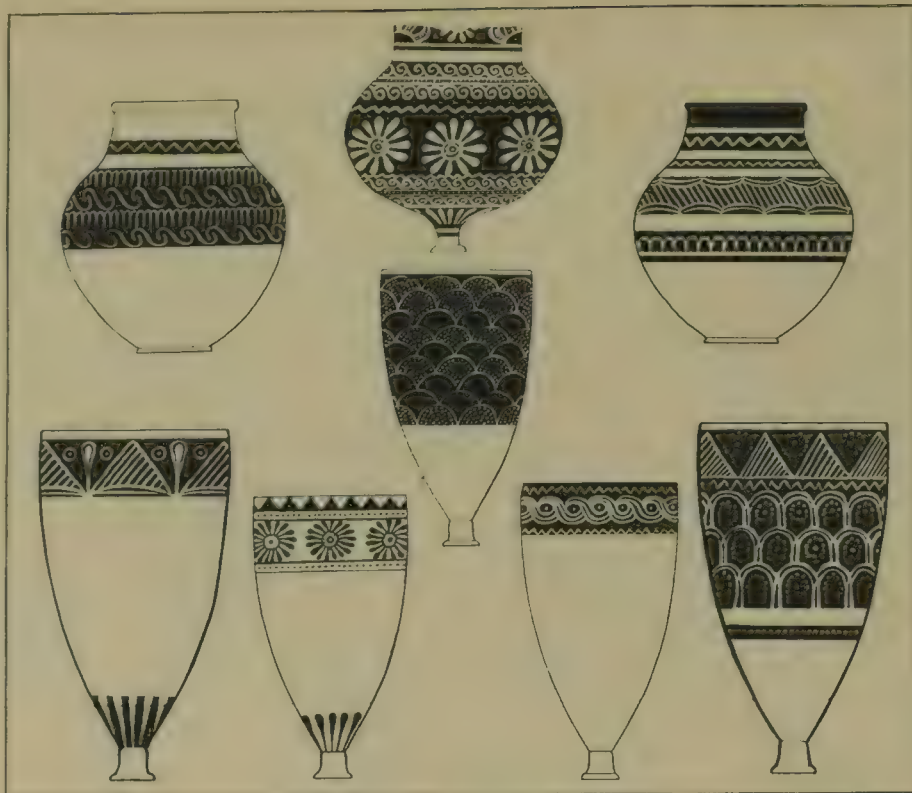
Occasionally the painted vessels are large, like the fine amphora pictured in Fig. 10, whose rim is more than a foot across; but usually they are small and delicate, and the potting is remarkably fine, the walls being of an almost egg-shell thinness. The commonest shape is a tall goblet, and the decoration is most often in horizontal bands (Figs. 6 and 9), but sometimes the whole surface is covered with an elaborate design, such as that of the conventionalised papyrus (Fig. 8), into which is introduced the motive

second level, prove that the "Atchana" pottery was in use in a definitely Hittite period. It occurs in the next level, and again in the fourth, and here, too, it is associated with Hittite culture. On our main excavation the fourth level produced part of a very large house with basalt door-jambs, typical of Hittite building, down one side of which ran a range of store-rooms whose contents, preserved *in situ* when the house was destroyed by fire, supplied us with a splendid series of local pottery (e.g., Fig. 4), together with examples of imported Cypriote wares (Fig. 5) invaluable as dating evidence.

But this "Fourth Level" was more richly illustrated by a building of the same date unearthed in a small separate area excavated towards the close of the season. Here is a spacious building whose walls are wainscotted with blocks of polished basalt and sheathed in wooden paneling or decorated

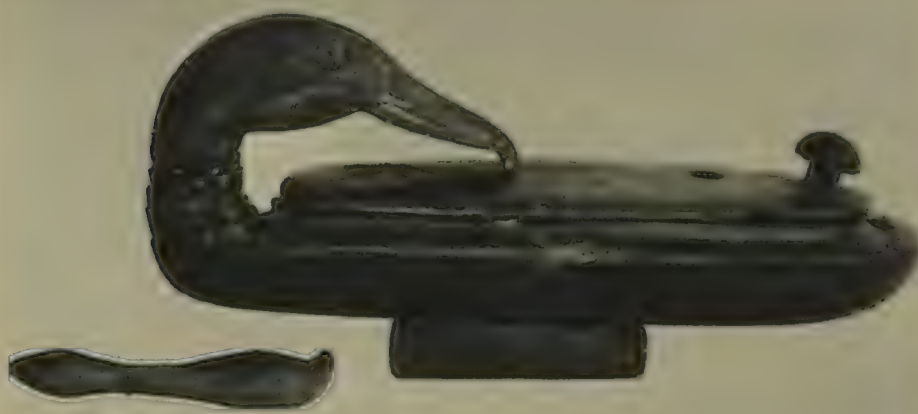
with coloured plaster; the entrance is through a large hall open along one side, where a wide flight of basalt steps (Fig. 3) leads through a colonnade. The bases of the columns are still in position, though the wooden shafts have perished. The contents of the building must have been in keeping with its architectural splendour. We have cleared the corners of two rooms which run back under the high unexcavated soil, and thick upon their floors lie clay vessels of local or foreign make, together with some sherds of the "Atchana" painted ware. Small gold objects with cloisonné inlay or fine granulated work witness to the wealth of the place, as does an ivory toilet-box in the form of a duck (Fig. 2). Most important of all, parts of large cuneiform tablets show that we may expect here literary texts which should open up a new field of knowledge regarding Syrian history. The tablets give us part of the terms of a treaty of alliance between Nej-me-dash, King of Alalah, which should be Atchana, and "the King of the tribes of the Hurri," the earliest reference to a people who loom large in the later history of Syria.

These "Fourth Level" remains, dating to the sixteenth century B.C., are the oldest Hittite buildings yet found in Syria. It was not even admitted before that the Hittites were at that time settled in the country, though references to "the children of Heth" occur in the chapters of the Old Testament dealing with the age of the Patriarchs. Now we know that their incoming was much earlier than the Syro-Hittite period of 1420 B.C. and onwards, and the bare fact is important; while the illustrations of their art and literature, which Atchana should afford, in the course of future research on the site, will give us a new conception of this enigmatic race.



1. DECORATION ON THE HITHERTO UNKNOWN PAINTED POTTERY OF ATCHANA, DATING FROM THE SIXTEENTH TO THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY B.C.: DRAWINGS, RESTORED FROM FRAGMENTS, THAT ILLUSTRATE THE VARIETY AND ELEGANCE OF THE DESIGNS ON DIFFERENT VASE FORMS.

Reproduced from Drawings by Lady Woolley



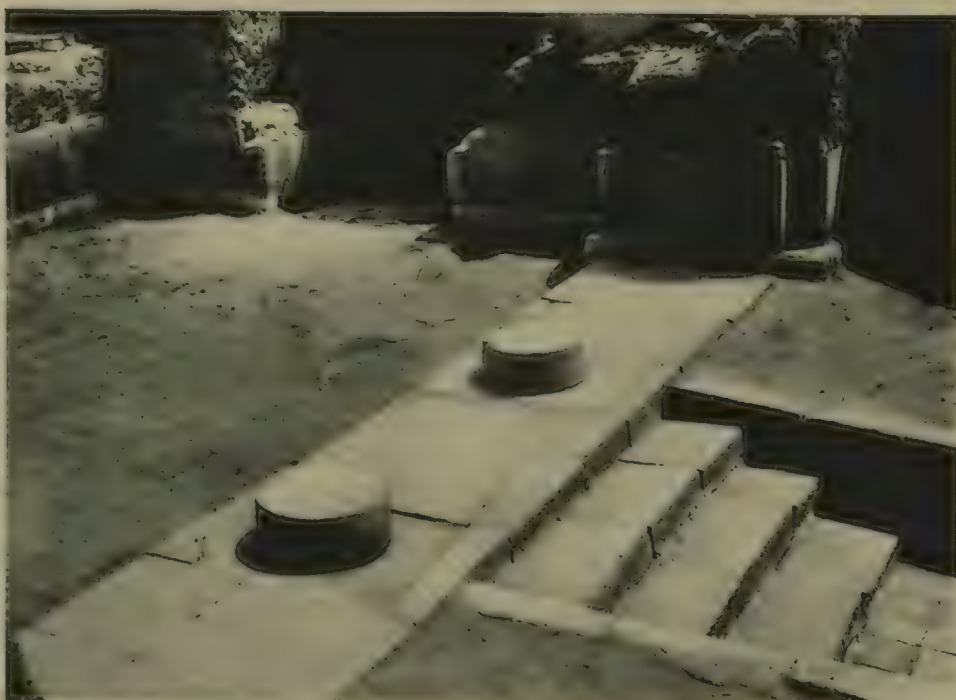
2. FOUND IN THE HITTITE MANSION ILLUSTRATED IN FIG. 3: AN IVORY TOILET-BOX, IN THE FORM OF A DUCK WITH REVERTED HEAD, DATING FROM THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY B.C.

Describing a store-room, or pantry, in the Hittite house (Fig. 3) found at Atchana, Sir Leonard Woolley writes (in "The Times"): "Our great 'find' here, and one little to be expected in a pantry, was a toilet-box carved in ivory in the form of a duck with its head turned over its back. It was burnt brown by the fire, but was otherwise in perfect condition, even its polish being as good as when it was new, so that it looks to-day like a well-kept piece of old mahogany." The lid turns on a swivel. The neck was originally longer and of two colours, the ivory rings alternating with rings of some other material, now perished. Beside it is the spoon belonging to it.

of the double-axe, a design extraordinarily reminiscent of Crete. The painting is nearly always in creamy-white on a black (Figs. 6 and 7) or red ground; but there are rare examples of the reverse technique, wherein the ground is left light, and the ornament is in red or black paint. To some extent already we are able to trace the history of this hitherto unknown pottery.

The surface of the mound has yielded a few remains dating from the twelfth century B.C., after which the site was no longer inhabited. The uppermost actual building that we have found is a large house in which comes imported Mycenaean pottery of the thirteenth or fourteenth century. It was at this level that we made an important discovery. Only one North Syrian site, Ras Shamra, had hitherto produced cuneiform tablets; now we have got at Atchana tablets of which two belong to the same series as some found at Ras Shamra, while one is a royal letter of about the time of Akhnaton, proving that there existed here a regular archive of royal and official correspondence. At this level, none of the painted "Atchana" pottery occurs, but in the next level, which must date from the fourteenth to the fifteenth century B.C., it is common; the town of that period came to a violent end, and with that disaster the fine painted wares disappeared.

One or two seal-impressions on clay, bearing inscriptions in Hittite hieroglyphs, coming from our

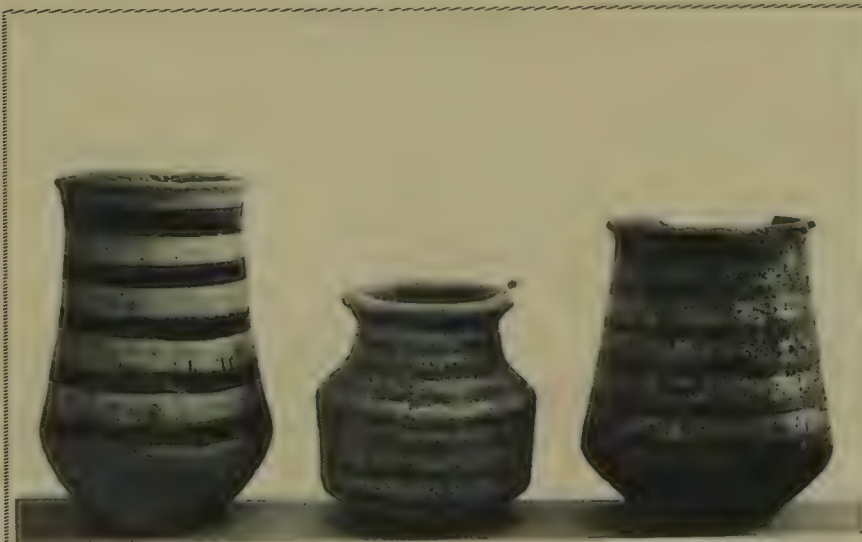


3. STRONGLY RESEMBLING THE PALACE OF MINOS IN PLAN AND CONSTRUCTION, AS VERIFIED BY THE LOCATION OF THE TWO COLUMN BASES: THE EARLIEST KNOWN HITTITE BUILDING IN NORTH SYRIA, DATING FROM THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY B.C., FOUND AT ATCHANA—THE EAST END OF THE ENTRANCE HALL.

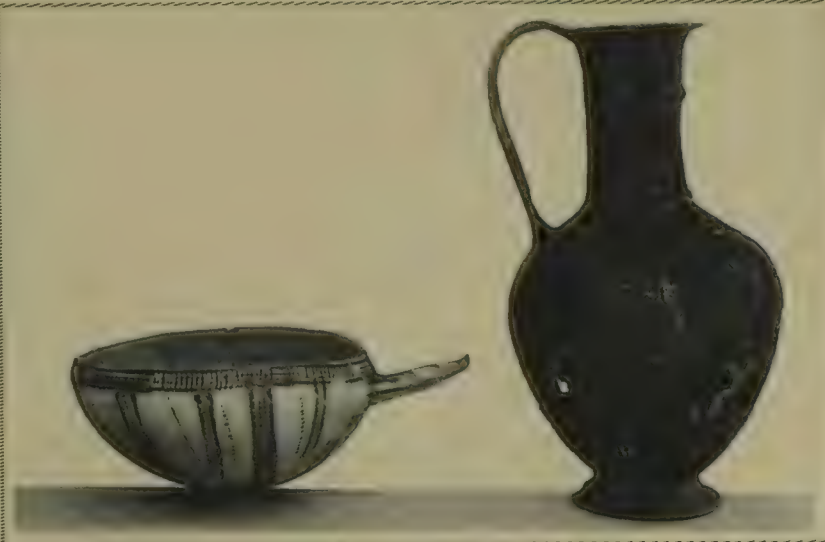
In a note on this photograph, Sir Leonard Woolley says: "The steps and the stone-panelled walls of the chamber were first laid bare, and between them ran a line of broken mud-bricks which seemed to represent a wall. The resemblance in plan and construction to the buildings of the Palace of Minos in Crete was very striking, but in the Palace there would have been a columned entry where the mud-brick wall seemed to run. We marked the position in which, by Cretan analogies, there should have been column bases, and told the workmen to clear away all the mud-bricks. At once the column bases were found in the positions marked, and the likeness between the Cretan and Assyrian buildings was complete."

UNKNOWN WARE THAT CEASED WITH ATCHANA'S FALL (14TH CENTURY B.C.).

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE TRUSTEES OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM. DRAWINGS BY LADY WOOLLEY. (SEE ARTICLE OPPOSITE.)



4. REPRESENTING "A SPLENDID SERIES" OF LOCAL PAINTED POTTERY FOUND AT ATCHANA, NEAR ANTIOCH: EXAMPLES FROM THE FOURTH LEVEL OF EXCAVATION, DATING FROM THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY B.C.



5. SPECIMENS OF IMPORTED POTTERY FROM CYPRUS DISCOVERED AT ATCHANA IN THE AMK PLAIN: TYPES THAT HELPED TO ESTABLISH THE EARLY DATE OF THE FOURTH EXCAVATION LEVEL.



6. PAINTED IN CREAMY WHITE ON A BLACK GROUND—THE USUAL TECHNIQUE OF THIS WARE: A GOBLET OF ATCHANA POTTERY.

SIR LEONARD WOOLLEY'S fresh discoveries at Atchana (described opposite) were a continuance of preliminary digging there during the previous season, regarding which he wrote in our issue of December 19 last: "The excavation started with the ambitious project of tracing connections between Minoan Crete and the Asiatic mainland. Most of the work was done at the harbour site, called al Mina, and only ten days were

[Continued below.]



7. ANOTHER SPECIMEN OF THE RECENTLY DISCOVERED PAINTED POTTERY OF ATCHANA: A BOWL WITH WHITE-ON-BLACK DECORATION, INCLUDING DOUBLE AXES IN THE DESIGN.



8. REMINISCENT OF MINOAN CRETE WITH ITS DESIGN OF PAPYRUS, DOUBLE AXES, AND MARGUERITES: A RICHLY DECORATED ATCHANA GOBLET.



9. ILLUSTRATING AN ELABORATE DESIGN, WITH BANDS OF MARGUERITES AND SPIRALS: A DRAWING OF AN ATCHANA GOBLET RESTORED.



10. AN UNUSUALLY LARGE EXAMPLE OF ATCHANA PAINTED POTTERY: A FINE AMPHORA WHOSE RIM MEASURES MORE THAN A FOOT IN DIAMETER.



11. BIRD MOTIFS IN ATCHANA POTTERY DESIGN: A DRAWING OF A GOBLET WITH FIGURES OF STORKS (ABUNDANT IN THE AMK PLAIN).

spent at Atchana, a mound alongside the road in the Amk plain. The single trench cut on the Atchana site sufficed to prove that there were indeed Cretan contacts with the inland towns of Syria. The evidence consisted mainly of painted potsherds of local clay, but in appearance all of them might just as well have been found in the palace at Knossos." Their decoration included "the double

axes which are the peculiar symbol of the Minoan religious cult." Other fragments, however, were Asiatic, and Sir Leonard Woolley asked: "May we suppose that Minoan art had its imitators so far afield as the Tigris valley? Or was there in Asia a native culture which influenced Crete? Only further excavation can decide, and of that problem Atchana may hold the key."

LIVING GEMS FROM NEW GUINEA: NEW YORK'S BIRDS OF PARADISE.



THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY'S BIRD OF PARADISE.
A species unknown to aviculturists until 1931, when it was brought from north-eastern New Guinea.



PRINCE RUDOLPH'S BLUE BIRD OF PARADISE (HEN).
One of the most beautiful of the group. Found at 6000 ft. and above in south-eastern New Guinea.



PRINCE RUDOLPH'S BLUE BIRD OF PARADISE (COCK).
Once vigorously sought by plume-hunters but now protected not only by native superstition but by law.



HÜNSTEIN'S MAGNIFICENT BIRD OF PARADISE (HEN).
A small species from the mountain districts. There appear to be at least four tenable forms.



WALLACE'S STANDARD-WINGED BIRD OF PARADISE.
The most interesting feature is two long, narrow feathers on each shoulder, which are erectile at will.



THE BLUE MANUCODE.
One of the most plainly coloured of the birds of paradise, being entirely black, relieved only by blue iridescence.



JAMES'S HORNED MANUCODE.
Its range extends from Waigou and neighbouring islands throughout New Guinea and to Fergusson Island.



THE GREATER SIX-PLUMED BIRD OF PARADISE.
Is found in north-western New Guinea. The plumage of the male is almost entirely a deep velvety black.



LAWE'S SIX-PLUMED BIRD OF PARADISE (COCK).
The Parotia are named for six long, denuded plumes that rise from the head. They are found in the mountains.



LAWE'S SIX-PLUMED BIRD OF PARADISE (HEN).
This species is smaller than *P. sefilata* and has the coloration of the nasal feathers reversed.



THE LESSER SUPERB BIRD OF PARADISE (COCK).
The cock is entirely black in colour, with a long cape growing from the nape and extending over the back.



THE LESSER SUPERB BIRD OF PARADISE (HEN).
Although one of the smaller birds of paradise, it is certainly not the least lovely of the group.

Described as "the most beautiful birds in the world," the Birds of Paradise were at one time in danger of becoming extinct owing to the popularity of their plumage as an ornament in women's hats or hair. In 1921 the Importation of Plumage (Prohibition) Act was passed; so that to-day the splendid colouring of the different species of Birds of Paradise can only be seen by visiting a museum or, better still, a zoo where these birds are kept in captivity. The London Zoo has fourteen Birds of Paradise, comprising twelve species, and at the moment, as it is approaching mating-time, when their plumage is at its best, they are already beginning

to show off their beauty in rival display. Some idea of the magnificence of the plumage can be obtained from our photographs of sixteen species which are in the New York Zoo's collection. Writing in the New York Zoological Society's "Bulletin," Mr. Lee S. Crandall states: "Probably no group of birds carries quite the same aura of romance as the Birds of Paradise. The name alone fires the imagination now, even as it did in the days of its bestowal. The glamour of many fine species is dulled by unfortunate or depressing names, but the Birds of Paradise were happily christened and fully justify the implication. . . . While

[Continued opposite.]

THE PLUME - HUNTERS' FORMER PREY : BIRDS OF PARADISE IN CAPTIVITY.



THE TWELVE-WIRED BIRD OF PARADISE.
A lowland species from the swampy jungles of New Guinea and Salawatti. Two sub-species are recognised.



A LONG-TAILED BIRD OF PARADISE.
The largest of the group. Now considered as two species, *fastosus* and *meyeri*, each further divided into sub-species.



ANOTHER SPECIMEN OF THE LONG-TAILED BIRD OF PARADISE.
Both species of this bird are inhabitants of the dense forests at high elevations on the New Guinea mainland.



LORD ROTHSCCHILD'S GORGETTED BIRD OF PARADISE.
These are of medium body-size and are characterised by long, broad tails. The males are black in general.



THE GREATER BIRD OF PARADISE.
The male is bright reddish-brown in general, with the crown and nape bright yellow with patches of metallic green.



THE LESSER BIRD OF PARADISE.
The male is similar in a general way to the Greater, but the yellow of the nape extends to the mantle.



COUNT SALVADORI'S BIRD OF PARADISE.
The typical plumed bird of the Central Division, ranging from the lowest foothills upward, probably to 5000 ft. This fine bird was once greatly persecuted by plume-hunters.



THE RED BIRD OF PARADISE, FROM WAIGOU.
The feathers of the head are raised above the eyes in two low, horn-like projections. The red white-tipped ornamented plumes are short and curved forwards at the ends.

Continued.

most of the Birds of Paradise are found on the mainland of New Guinea, a few forms live on small neighbouring islands—the Arus, Jobi, Mysol, Waigou, Salawatti, the Moluccas, the D'Entrecasteaux—and in Australia. Restrictive laws controlling the export of birds from both the British and Dutch divisions of New Guinea have made it practically impossible for any but accredited institutions to secure permits to collect them. Consequently, but few birds have been available in recent years; these being obtained chiefly by the British collectors F. Shaw Mayer and W. J. C. Frost. Few institutions at present enjoy a financial position

which enables them to equip expeditions so costly, and no other official effort of the same status has been made since the New York Zoological Society's successful Expedition in 1928-9. It is probable that Birds of Paradise will continue to be among the great rarities in both public and private collections. The excitement aroused by the appearance of skins of Birds of Paradise in Europe more than four hundred years ago has never quite subsided. There seem to be two reasons for this attraction. These are the beauty of the birds themselves, and the fact that New Guinea remains one of the least-explored spots on the globe."

PHOTOGRAPHS REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

BOOKS about China and Japan naturally command attention to-day, for, even if they have little bearing on current events, they may throw revealing light on the past, or on the mentality of the two nations. The only new book on my list touching on international affairs in the Far East is a travel story, of German origin, by a woman who has visited both the belligerent countries, apparently within quite recent years, though the actual date of her journey is not specified. It is called "ADVENTURES IN THE EAST." By Lili Körber (Lane; 12s. 6d.), and is the authorised English translation, by K. S. Shelvankar, from the author's German work, "Begegnungen im Fernen Osten," published last year in Budapest. Why not in Berlin or Leipzig? Possibly the answer to that question may have some connection with the subject of her previous book, "Life in a Soviet Factory."

Her present volume, in which twelve chapters are given to Japan, nine to China, and an epilogue to the autonomous Jewish Republic of Biro-bidjan, is a blend of personal experiences and comments on international questions. She went to the Far East by train from Moscow across Siberia to Vladivostok, and returned by the same route. The personal experiences include incidents of travel, conversations with acquaintances, and pictures of Japanese and Chinese domestic life and social conditions. They form the bulk of the book and its most readable element, but they would have been more interesting, I think, if the author had given some preliminary explanations, about herself, the origin, date and purpose of her journey, and her general conclusions. The book also lacks that important item, an index.

To European readers familiar with the old phrase "the Yellow Peril," it may come with something of a shock to learn that Asia returns the compliment. In the course of a discussion on Japanese ideas, the author writes: "The spectre of the 'White Peril' stalks abroad in contemporary Japan. It might be said with truth that all great Powers, capitalist America no less than Bolshevik Russia, are on the defensive there. In any case, it is not wise to tread on Japanese toes. They look upon everything that clashes with their own interests as a personal insult." Again, with reference to subversive influences that might reach Japan through contact with Russia, we read: "It is these 'dangerous thoughts' that make us white people so suspect to the Japanese police, especially if we have been imprudent enough to come by way of Siberia. Their nervousness does not arise from the fact that Japan is at such close military range to Russia, but from their realisation that, owing to her social and economic structure and the psychology of her citizens, Japan, as no other country, is ripe for her 1917. . . . As in the old Russia, the intelligentsia and especially the students are in a ferment. . . . There is no spiritual force of any consequence in Japan that could be used to fight Bolshevism successfully, such as, for example, Catholicism in Europe. In the Far East religion plays no part in politics."

The author is obviously in sympathy with China. "The Chinese," she writes, "are more modern than the Japanese, not only in external appearance, but also in their ideas and general outlook. Liberalism and the emancipation of women they have taken over from America, Communism from Russia. This nation of 400 millions is stirring; stirring, learning and struggling. But it is not a free nation. China is a European-Japanese colony." Later, after outlining the stages of Japan's advance in northern China, she goes on to say, in a passage which is, perhaps, at some points open to dispute: "And what do the Chinese do to resist all this? They have not changed since those days when, in the words of the Chinese historian, they fought the Japanese pirates 'unarmed, but full of scorn.' They were defeated, of course. Now, also, they are being defeated, and what is more, despised by all those whose sympathies are invariably with the stronger side. The Chinese are the only people who esteem a scholar more highly than a soldier, who have indeed no esteem at all for a soldier. . . . China is a Cinderella among the nations: helpless, covered with rags, yet with the splendour of her culture showing here and there through the tatters."

In view of another book to which I am coming presently, I will quote here some of Lili Körber's allusions to China's most celebrated sage and philosopher. Chiang Kai-shek, she recalls, has founded a "New Life Movement," based on the old Confucian moral code. Again, describing various forms of worship to be found in the ancient capital, she writes: "Only the temple of Confucius

in Peking contains no miracle-working images. The great Teacher disdained to permit prayers to be said to him as though he were a god. . . . The student who is being shown round by the guide (a Mahomedan, incidentally) will say: 'No one believes in Confucius any more.' That is an exaggeration, of course. The doctrines of Confucius continue to reign over China and Japan, and are perhaps all the more alive now that they offer an additional barrier against 'dangerous thoughts.' Confucius . . . was the first champion of the hierarchic State; and in certain portions of Europe the re-enslavement of women has actually been accomplished."

Confucius to British readers is a somewhat vague and misty figure, and most of us, probably, know little or nothing about his personal career. The man himself, as distinct from his philosophy (although snatches of it occur now and then), is fully portrayed in a new

biographical study, of a popular type, entitled "MASTER KUNG": The Story of Confucius. By Carl Crow. Illustrated (Hamish Hamilton; 12s. 6d.). The numerous illustrations have been selected from copies of scenes from the life of the sage, engraved on over 100 stone tablets in the great Confucian Temple at Chufu (Zig-zag Hill) in Shantung. The author points out the curious fact that the costumes shown in these pictorial records have little resemblance to those worn in China to-day, but are very similar to the Japanese kimono. "There was during the time of Master Kung," he writes, "no contact between the Japanese and Chinese, the two peoples being entirely unknown to each other; but a few centuries later, before the styles of Chinese dress had changed, there was an active, though mainly piratical, trade between the two countries. The island visitors found China enjoying a very advanced state of civilisation, and they absorbed and adopted the customs and the culture of their continental neighbour almost as readily and as completely as they absorbed Western ideas during the last century. Chinese fashions in dress changed, but the Japanese fashions did not, with the result that the Japanese national dress of to-day appears to be an almost exact duplicate of the dress worn by Master Kung about 2500 years ago."

Mr. Crow (in whose work, by the way, I find occasional traces of American phraseology) has accomplished a task that must have involved wide and painstaking research. He does not pretend to review Confucian philosophy, which has produced a vast literature both in China and Japan, but gives a few examples of the Master's conversations with his followers. Distinguishing between the man and the legend, he writes: "Master Kung is the sincere, lovable, entirely human scholar and gentleman who was born in the sixth century before Christ, lived a blameless life, suffered more disillusionments and disappointments than usually fall to the lot of men, and died feeling that his life had been a failure. Confucius was the creation of generations of later scholars who deified the man, interpreted his acts and sayings by methods which would justify this deification, and so created an intellectual Frankenstein monster. . . . The story of the life of Master Kung as told in the following pages does not represent any new discoveries, but is the first attempt to put all the known or generally accepted facts into a chronological order against the historical and social background of the period." The story is very interesting.

Master Kung reminds me in some respects of Socrates, not only by his conversational method of teaching, but in his personal appearance and domestic character. He seems to have been rather an uncomfortable person to live with, and, like Socrates again, had trouble with his wife. The interest of the story lies rather in his travels and in his public career (during which he held high offices), and his difficulties with feudal despots and their women folk, who did not always appreciate his lofty ideals. There are many human touches about his personality. Thus we learn what was his idea of a gentleman and of good sportsmanship, that he had a short way with bores, and that he was not a teetotaler or an ascetic. Among examples of his aphorisms quoted, one concerning warfare might well be remembered at the present time—"To take an untrained multitude into battle is equivalent to throwing them away."

It is a little strange that the great Chinese sage should have become known to the world by a Latin name. Mr. Crow gives the explanation, in relating the circumstances of his birth, in 551 B.C. The boy's father was called Kung the Tall. "The child," we read, "became known as Kung Fu-tze or Master Kung. . . . About twenty centuries after his birth . . . Portuguese Jesuits, who learned of him, tried to express what was to them the awkward sound of his name by means of the Latin alphabet. They did this very carelessly, for they dropped one consonant from the name and called him 'Confucius.' . . . But to the countless millions of his fellow-countrymen who have for many centuries followed his teachings, he has always been and will always be known as 'Master Kung.'"

National character can be studied on the stage as well as in real life. In the book with which I began ("Adventures in the East") there are descriptions both of Chinese and Japanese theatrical productions. For enabling Western readers to understand popular drama and stage

(Continued on page 628.)



THE SECOND OF A SERIES OF "NOTABLE ANTIQUITIES" SPECIALLY EXHIBITED AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM: A BRONZE DISC WHICH ILLUSTRATES ONE OF THE EARLIER IRISH CELTIC STYLES OF THE FIRST OR SECOND CENTURY A.D. The British Museum has selected this bronze disc from the prehistoric collections as the second exhibit of "Notable Antiquities" to be kept on view in a special case for three months. It illustrates one of the earlier Irish Celtic styles and belongs to a group of similar objects which have been found in Ireland and are supposed to be sacrificial dishes or the tops of altars; for all have a cupped hollow recalling the focus of a Roman altar. Their date is probably the first or second century A.D. The design, which includes the so-called "trumpet-pattern" motive, is connected with the prehistoric Celtic style of Britain and Ireland in which patterns made up of boldly flowing curves predominate.—[By Courtesy of the British Museum. Crown Copyright Reserved.]



THE TREASURE OF THE WEEK, BEGINNING OCTOBER 7, AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: THE DENNY MITTENS, WHICH ARE BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN GIVEN BY QUEEN ELIZABETH TO HER MAID OF HONOUR, MARGARET EDGECUMBE, WIFE OF SIR EDWARD DENNY.

In 1578-9 Sir William Drury gave to Queen Elizabeth as a New Year's gift "a paire of myttows of blake vellat embraudered with damaske golde, and lyned with unshorne vellat carnation." This pair of red velvet mittens is also lined in this way; but the white satin gauntlets are embroidered with flowers and with motives worked with silk, silver-gilt and silver thread in long and short and satin stitches, with couched and padded work. The rather heavy effect of the embroidery might suggest a Jacobean rather than an Elizabethan date, but it is hard to decide by how many years these mittens preceded the raised and padded work which was so popular in the mid-seventeenth century. There is, however, no reason to doubt their English origin. They were presented to the Museum in 1882 by Sir Edward Denny, Bt., and the family tradition stated that they were given by Queen Elizabeth to her Maid of Honour, Margaret Edgcombe, wife of Sir Edward Denny.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



IN THE AEROPLANE IN WHICH HE WAS KILLED WHILE PREPARING TO SET UP A NEW SPEED RECORD: MR. R. J. WAIGHT IN THE COCKPIT OF THE T.K.4.

While preparing to set up a new speed record for light aeroplanes on October 1, Mr. R. J. Waight, chief test pilot of the de Havilland Aircraft Company, crashed and was killed while piloting the T.K.4. This machine was built and designed by the students of the de Havilland Technical School and competed in the King's Cup Race. Mr. Waight obtained his commercial pilot's licence in 1933.



MAJOR B. F. S. BADEN-POWELL.

Noteworthy pioneer of the air. Younger brother of Lord Baden-Powell. Died October 3; aged seventy-seven. Invented the man-lifting kite. Served in the South African War and the Great War with distinction. Re-founded the Aeronautical Society in 1897.



SIR WILLIAM RAY.

For nine years (until 1934) leader of the Municipal Reform Society. Died September 30; aged sixty-one. Was L.C.C. member for Central Hackney from 1913 until 1934. Was Executive Chairman of the British Electrical Development Association, 1933-36; and M.P. for Richmond, but resigned his seat a few months ago.



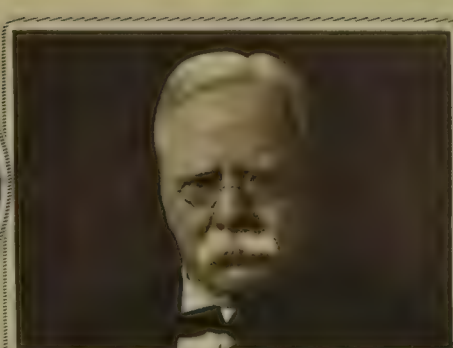
PLAYING HIMSELF IN AS CAPTAIN OF THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT: THE DUKE OF KENT.

On September 29 H.R.H. the Duke of Kent played himself in on the St. Andrews course as captain of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club. His ball was stopped some sixty yards from the tee, and the successful caddie was presented to the Duke, who gave him the traditional golden sovereign.



JUDGE GERALD DODSON.

Elected Recorder of London in succession to Sir Holman Gregory, K.C. Was appointed Recorder of Tenterden in 1932, and from 1932 to 1934 was third senior prosecuting counsel to the Crown at the Central Criminal Court. In 1934 was appointed Judge of the Mayor's and City of London Court and a Commissioner of the Central Criminal Court.



PROFESSOR E. J. RAPSON.

Professor of Sanskrit at Cambridge University from 1906 to 1936. Died October 3; aged seventy-six. Was Assistant in the Department of Coins and Medals, British Museum, from 1887 until 1906, and the author of many publications on Indian and other Asiatic subjects. Edited the first and second volumes of the "Cambridge History of India."



ALDERMAN SIR HARRY TWYFORD.

Alderman of Cripplegate. Chosen as Lord Mayor of London for the ensuing civic year, in succession to Sir George Broadbridge. Has been an Alderman of the City of London since 1930 and was Sheriff, 1934-35. Will take office on Nov. 9.



MR. DEPUTY W. H. CHAMPNESS.

Elected a Sheriff of the City of London and took office on September 28. His Chain bears medallions with the Arms of the Companies, Societies, and Institutions in which he holds office, including the Spectacle Makers' Company, and Law Society.



COL. AND ALDERMAN R. W. EATON.

Elected a Sheriff of the City of London on June 24, and took office on September 28, when he was invested with his badge and Chain. Then the two new Sheriffs proceeded to Drapers' Hall, where they presided over their inauguration breakfast.



LORD PEEL.

Chairman of the Palestine Commission and great public figure. Died September 28; aged seventy. Chairman of L.C.C., 1914. Became Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, 1921-22; and also Minister of Transport. Was Secretary of State for India, 1922-24 and 1928-29.



SIR GRANVILLE RYRIE.

For five years (1927-32) High Commissioner for Australia in London. Died October 3; aged seventy-two. Was a Member of the House of Representatives, Commonwealth Parliament of Australia, 1911-27. Assistant Minister of Defence, 1919-22. Had distinguished military career.



"ENDEAVOUR I.'S" TRIUMPHANT RETURN TO GOSPORT: THE MAYOR (MAJOR C. F. O. GRAHAM) LEADING THE CHEERING FOR CAPTAIN HEARD (CENTRE), THE SKIPPER.

On October 1 "Endeavour I." arrived at Gosport, thus completing a voyage across the Atlantic, during which she was "missing" from September 13, when she broke adrift from the "Viva II.", until she was sighted by the "Cheyenne" on September 27. Her homecoming and the meeting with the "Cheyenne" are illustrated elsewhere in this issue. Shipping greeted the yacht with their sirens, and the crew received a civic welcome.



INAUGURATING THE NATIONAL HEALTH "CRUSADE": THE PRIME MINISTER WITH LORD STANHOPE, MR. A. GREENWOOD, LORD ABERDARE, AND SIR KINGSLEY WOOD.

The National Campaign to encourage the wider use of the Health Services was inaugurated on September 30 by the Prime Minister, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, at the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine. His speech was broadcast in the National and Empire programmes. Sir Kingsley Wood, Minister of Health, was in the chair. The Prime Minister appealed for "a concentrated crusade against ignorance, carelessness, and indifference about health services."

NEWS FROM FAR AND NEAR ILLUSTRATED: PICTORIAL NOTES ON RECENT HAPPENINGS.



AN EXTRAORDINARY SUBSIDENCE ON A KANSAS FARM: A HUGE CAVITY FORMED IN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS, WITH WATER FROM AN UNDERGROUND SOURCE.

In sending us this photograph, a correspondent states: "Twenty-four hours after a farm-hand felt the ground beneath him tremble, and fled, on a farm near Potwin, Kansas, the field looked like this, with a hole 300 ft. long, 250 ft. wide, and of unknown depth. Geologists believe that a limestone bed dissolved into an underground stream."



A NEW CROSS-CHANNEL VESSEL THAT HAS BROKEN THE MOTOR-SHIP WORLD SPEED RECORD: THE "PRINS ALBERT" ARRIVING AT DOVER ON HER INAUGURAL TRIP FROM OSTEND.

The "Prins Albert," an addition to the Belgian Railways and Marine cross-Channel fleet, on October 4 made her inaugural trip from Ostend to Dover, where a luncheon on board was attended by the Mayor and the Belgian Minister of Transport. She is a sister ship of the "Prince Baudouin," from whom she has wrested the motor-ship world speed record, with 25½ knots on her trials. The "Prins Albert" was built entirely in Belgium. She can carry 1800 passengers.



SIGNOR MUSSOLINI'S DEPARTURE FROM BERLIN: IL DUCE SAYING GOOD-BYE TO HERR HITLER.

Signor Mussolini's visit to Germany came to an end on September 29. Photographs of the great welcome that was given him in that country, where he spent five days, appeared in our last issue. Herr Hitler, accompanied by the Reich Cabinet, took a cordial farewell of his guest at the Lehrter (Continued below.)



THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF AIR DEFENCE DEMONSTRATIONS: A SOUND-RECORDING UNIT ON HORSE GUARDS PARADE.

The first of a series of air defence demonstrations by the Mobile Display Group of the 1st Anti-Aircraft Division, T.A., was held recently on Horse Guards Parade. The group consists of sixty Territorial and twenty Regular Army officers and men, and it is intended to give displays at sports grounds as a means of giving publicity to London's air defence forces.



TO BE REMOVED TO BIRMINGHAM: THE STATUE OF GEORGE I. AT THE MANSION HOUSE, DUBLIN.

The Barber Institute of Fine Arts has agreed to exchange with the Dublin Corporation for an agreed sum the statue of George I. which has been lying for some years in the back garden of the Mansion House, Dublin. The monument was erected on Essex (now Grattan) Bridge in 1722, but was removed in 1753 and later re-erected in the front garden of the Mansion House.



SIGNOR MUSSOLINI ENTERTAINED BY GENERAL GOERING IN GERMANY: WATCHING THE GENERAL'S TAME LION CUBS; COUNT CIANO, SEEN ON THE EXTREME LEFT.

station, Berlin. The two leaders shook hands heartily before Signor Mussolini entered the train, and continued an animated conversation at the window of the saloon. Herr Hess, Herr Hitler's deputy, travelled with Signor Mussolini as far as the frontier. Two bodyguards, German and Italian, also boarded the train, and police armed with rifles were on guard at the railway bridges. Signor Mussolini arrived in Rome on September 30, and was given a frenzied welcome there.



INSPECTING THE FIRST OF THE NEWLY-DESIGNED SEATS FOR THE ROYAL PARKS: THE PRIME MINISTER AND MRS. CHAMBERLAIN IN ST. JAMES'S PARK.

Twenty of the newly-designed seats for the Royal Parks were placed in position in St. James's Park on October 4. The Prime Minister and Mrs. Chamberlain, accompanied by Sir Philip Sassoon, First Commissioner of Works, paid a visit of inspection in the afternoon and satisfied themselves as to the comfort afforded by this new accommodation. The seats are provided by public subscription to mark Coronation year and cost £5. About 2000 are needed to replace the present seats.

MEDITERRANEAN "PIRACY": A MAP SHOWING SCENES OF OUTRAGES; AND H.M.S. "BASILISK."



THE RENEWAL OF PIRATICAL ATTACKS ON SHIPPING IN THE MEDITERRANEAN: (LEFT ABOVE) THE BRITISH DESTROYER "BASILISK," WHICH A SUBMARINE ATTEMPTED TO TORPEDO NEAR THE BALEARICS; AND (RIGHT) STOWING DEPTH-CHARGES BESIDE A DEPTH-CHARGE-THROWER ABOARD THE "BASILISK"—THE WEAPON WITH WHICH SHE RETALIATED AGAINST HER ATTACKER.



"PIRACY" IN THE MEDITERRANEAN: A MAP SHOWING THE ATTACKS THAT HAVE BEEN MADE UPON SHIPPING IN THESE WATERS IN RECENT MONTHS, UP TILL THE TIME OF GOING TO PRESS—THE BULK OF THEM BEFORE THE NYON CONFERENCE, WHICH, WAS CONVOKED TO ORGANISE ANTI-PIRACY MEASURES; NAVAL BASES; AND TRADE-ROUTES.

Piratical attacks on shipping in the Mediterranean, principally the work of submarines, brought Britain and France to the decision to invite Mediterranean and other interested Powers to a conference at Nyon to discuss measures to put an end to this danger. Nine powers signed the agreement at Nyon on September 14. Britain and France agreed to undertake the patrolling of the main trade-routes in the Mediterranean. The other signatory powers, Greece, Turkey, Rumania, Egypt, Russia, Bulgaria, and Yugoslavia agreed to patrol their territorial waters. Patrol vessels are authorised to attack and destroy submarines, surface-craft, and aeroplanes illegally

attacking non-Spanish merchant ships. Italy was also invited to join the patrol. At first she returned a doubtful answer, but later (September 22) it was announced that she had agreed to enter into discussions. The naval experts' agreement for the reorganisation of the anti-piracy patrol so as to include Italy was signed at Paris on September 30. The Nyon conference coincided with a remarkable decline in the number of piratical attacks in the Mediterranean, only one occurring after it met, until the attack on the British destroyer "Basilisk" on October 4. The above pictorial map, it may be added, is only intended to show the approximate position of attacks.



THE RETURN FROM THE
A TANK APPROACHING A JAPANESE POST ON STREET

TYRE - DISINTEGRATING, TRACK-MARKING MOTORING AT DONINGTON HALL.

DRAWING SPECIALLY MADE FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY BRYAN DE GRINEAU



ROSEMEYER ACCELERATING, WITH SMOKING TYRES STREAKING THE TRACK WITH BLACK, AND BRAUCHITSCH WITH FOUR WHEELS IN THE AIR: THE GRAND PRIX WINNER AND RUNNER-UP.

RIGHT: AFTER THE RACE; ROSEMEYER, THE WINNER (CENTRE), AND BRAUCHITSCH (RIGHT).

THE International Grand Prix held at Donington Hall on October 2 was won by B. Rosemeyer, No. 1 driver of the German Auto-Union team. He completed the course at the very fast speed of 82.86 m.p.h., at times touching 180 m.p.h. So tremendous was the power of acceleration of the great German cars that clouds of blue rubber smoke rose from the tyres, which disintegrated as the result of the great heat generated, leaving black streaks on the track. Going over the crest of the hill from Melbourne corner, cars would leave the ground, leaping into the air with all four wheels clear. The Auto-Union cars are designed by the famous Dr. Porsche. Their 6-litre engine has sixteen cylinders, and is mounted at the rear of the car, with the radiator and petrol-tank in front of the driver, who is himself seated well forward. The frame is tubular, and is itself used to convey the water from the radiator to the engine. They are probably the most unconventional racing cars in the world.



EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD: ITEMS OF MUCH TOPICAL INTEREST.



THE PETER PAN LEAGUE PARTY AT THE MANSION HOUSE: H.M. QUEEN MARY, ASSISTED BY THE PRINCESS ROYAL, RECEIVES PURSES FROM THE CHILDREN.

On September 30, the Peter Pan League held a party at the Mansion House in aid of the reconstruction fund of the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street. About six hundred children attended and Queen Mary, assisted by the Princess Royal, President of the Hospital, received purses, which were placed in a large silver vessel. The Lord Mayor presented a slip of paper to her Majesty and then announced that it was a gift of £50,000 from Lord Nuffield.



IN RECOGNITION OF EIGHTEEN YEARS' FOREIGN SERVICE: SILVER BUGLES BEING PRESENTED TO THE 2ND BATTALION THE ESSEX REGIMENT, AT CHELMSFORD.

An interesting ceremony took place at Chelmsford on October 2, when thirty silver bugles, subscribed for by the county, were handed over to the 2nd Battalion the Essex Regiment to commemorate its "distinguished services abroad from 1919 to 1937." The battalion is on guard duty at the Tower and arrived at Chelmsford by special train, to march through decorated streets headed by its silver drums, the gift of the county in 1913. The bugles were presented by Col. F. H. D. Whitmore, Lord Lieutenant of Essex.



A SECTION OF THE CONGRATULATORY CROWD IN WHICH TWENTY-THREE WERE TRAMPLED TO DEATH IN ALEXANDRIA: REJOICING WORKERS OUTSIDE THE RASELTIN PALACE.

A mass demonstration of Alexandrian workers at the Raseltin Palace, on September 25, to congratulate King Faruk on his betrothal, was marred by a tragedy in which twenty-three people were trampled to death and eighty were injured. About eighty thousand workers had assembled on the parade ground outside the palace grounds and, when the gates were opened, (Continued on right.)



UNAWARE OF THE TRAGEDY AND ACKNOWLEDGING THE DEMONSTRATION OF LOYALTY ON HIS BETROTHAL: KING FARUK ON THE BALCONY OF THE RASELTIN PALACE. surged forward shouting "Long live the King!" The police anticipated that the narrow entrance would act as a filter, but the pressure was so great that the weak collapsed and the crowd passed over them as they lay on the ground. The King was unaware of the accident and appeared on the balcony to acknowledge the tremendous acclamation of his subjects, but, on being informed of what had happened, he immediately visited the injured.



PRESERVING ORDER WITH TRADITIONAL GOOD HUMOUR: POLICE REMOVING AN OBSTRUCTION IN LONG LANE, BERMONDSEY, DURING THE FASCIST PROCESSION.

In spite of the fact that the "provocative" black shirt was absent from the British Union of Fascists' procession on October 3, the march, led by Sir Oswald Mosley, met with considerable opposition from gangs of roughs, most of whom had come from the banned area. The police, as usual, bore the brunt of the attack and exhibited their forbearance and good humour under the most trying conditions. Fireworks were thrown from the crowd in an attempt to stampede the



MINGLED ANGER, BEWILDERMENT, AND FEAR: A CROWD RUNNING FROM THE POLICE IN LONG LANE, AFTER ATTEMPTING TO OBSTRUCT THE FASCIST MARCH.

horses of the mounted police, and stones were thrown at those on foot. Attempts to build barricades across the streets were prevented, and some one hundred arrests were made during the course of the afternoon and evening. A cordon of police kept back the crowd while Sir Oswald Mosley addressed his meeting at West Lane and, except for fireworks thrown over the heads of the police into the audience, it passed off without incident. The return was uneventful.

THE "ISLAND IN THE SKY" EXPLORED: SHIVA'S TEMPLE REVEALS ITS SECRETS.



ON THE WOODED PLATEAU SURMOUNTING SHIVA'S TEMPLE, AN ISOLATED MOUNTAIN IN THE GRAND CANYON OF ARIZONA: MR. M. R. TILLOTSON, A MEMBER OF THE FIRST SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION TO ASCEND AND EXPLORE IT.



ISOLATED FROM THE NORTHERN RIM OF THE GRAND CANYON BY CENTURIES OF EROSION, AND PRESERVING ITS OWN FAUNA AND FLORA: SHIVA'S TEMPLE—HITHERTO A "LOST WORLD"—AS SEEN FROM THE CANYON'S EDGE.



WHERE THE EXPLORERS OBTAINED 75 SPECIMENS OF ANIMAL LIFE, MOSTLY LIGHTER-COLOURED THAN THE MAINLAND SPECIES: THE TOP OF SHIVA'S TEMPLE, WITH A MEMBER OF THE PARTY EXAMINING A HUGE ANT-HILL.

WE are now able to reproduce some of the photographs taken on the wooded summit of Shiva's Temple, a lofty mountain within the Grand Canyon of Arizona, recently ascended and explored (as noted, with illustrations, in our issue of September 25) by a scientific expedition organised by the American Museum of Natural History, New York. Isolated as it has been for long ages from the rim of the canyon, by the gradual process of erosion, Shiva's Temple was regarded, biologically, as a "lost world," on whose wooded plateau at the top might be found forms of life differing from those of the mainland and throwing light on problems of evolution, such as inbreeding and adaptation. The explorers were accompanied by Mr. M. R. Tillotson, Superintendent of the Grand Canyon National Park, who is seen in the uppermost of our illustrations. The leader of the expedition, Dr. Harold E. Anthony, who remained on the topmost plateau of Shiva's Temple from September 15 to 26, returned to New York on the 29th to report his results. He has since written: "One of the few remaining blank spots on the biological map of the world has disappeared. Our expedition was packed with adventure and thrills." "During his stay on

[Continued below.]



IN "THE FOREST PRIMEVAL" ON THE SUMMIT OF SHIVA'S TEMPLE, HITHERTO "A BLANK SPOT ON THE BIOLOGICAL MAP" BEFORE THE RECENT EXPEDITION: YELLOW PINE-TREES GROWING ON THE TOPMOST PLATEAU.

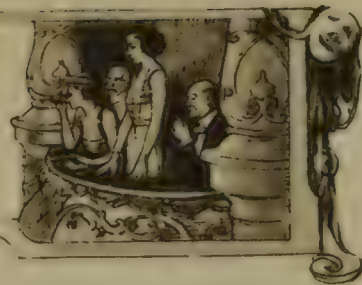
Continued.

the plateau" (it was stated in "The Times") "Dr. Anthony shot or trapped some 75 specimens, which have been skinned and will be forwarded to New York for examination. The animals found on the Temple were chipmunks, three or four species of mice, which were extremely numerous, cottontail rabbits, rock squirrels, which resemble the common grey squirrel, and pack rats, of which one species may be peculiar to Shiva. Dr. Anthony expressed the belief that the colour of all these animals was lighter than their fellows on the north and south rims of the Canyon, but this remains to be proved by careful comparison. In addition, the plateau is visited in winter by deer and by cougar or mountain lion and coyote. The vegetation, consisting of pines, juniper, shrubs and cactus, is more arid than on the mainland, and the heat on the Temple, which is entirely waterless, is considerably greater than on either side of the Canyon. Many Indian remains were found in the shape of mounds, ovens and tools, but members of the expedition were the first men to undertake the scientific study of the plateau, of which the area is about 300 acres."



The World of the Theatre.

By IVOR BROWN.



MEMORIAL AND MYSTERY.

A CORRESPONDENT from overseas has written to me in anxious curiosity, because the theory that the works of "Shakespeare" were written by Edward de Vere, seventeenth Earl of Oxford, has been brought to his attention. He knew about Baconians: the Oxonian faith was fresh to him. No sooner had I read his letter than I saw a communication to one of the English papers in which it was explained that Shakespeare's sonnets were certainly written by Sir Walter Raleigh. If the sonnets, why not the plays, too? A man so long imprisoned as Sir Walter (for so often cooped up at sea) had abundant time on his hands for knocking off three dozen or so of dramas. I also have on my bookshelf a work, by a scholar well known in other fields and of first-rate intellectual calibre in his own department, which suggests that there were seven Shakespeares—i.e., seven contributing hands to the canon now commonly attributed to William, the Stratford butcher-boy. If you do not believe that Shakespeare wrote the plays and sonnets, it is customary to spell his name "Shagsper," as though that put him down a peg. Some of the anti-Stratfordians become fearfully and unjustly angry with poor Will.

This ferment of doubt is not general, but those who do doubt, doubt very keenly. That is natural, for the issue is a large one and the mystery is exciting. (It seems to me foolish to deny the existence of some mystery, since we know so little that is certain about the Stratford Shakespeare's life.) Moreover, the issue has a topical interest, because Shakespeare's plays have never, I think, been so constantly acted or read in England for a great many years as they are now, with our recent fine, new, cheap editions, "Temple" and "Penguin," our long season at Stratford, the Open Air

Accordingly, it is possible that we are going to celebrate still further the memory of the wrong man, and that what we need is an Oxford or a Bacon Memorial Theatre. To take that view is to be particular about the name. Chiefly we want to honour the author of the plays and poems, whatever his name. At the same time, we need not pretend that the name is unimportant. Here is the greatest master of the English language who ever lived. Is his identity a mere trifle? Not the most zealous Stratfordian can pretend that we know much about his hero.

certainly suggest to me that Ben believed Will of Stratford to be the famous author. Ben could hardly have been out of the secret if Will, so long his friend and colleague as well as his competitor, had been involved in a great literary and theatrical "plant." I know that other explanations of the Folio verses are available, but they are not very convincing.

The chief trouble about the Oxford attribution is that his Lordship died in 1604. Therefore, we have to suppose that all the plays emerging after that date were written before it, kept in cold storage, and subsequently "released," as they say of films, by some tactful editorial or managerial hand. Well, nothing is impossible, but it does not seem to me very likely.

As I have said, this is no occasion for starting a Shakespeare-Bacon-Oxford brawl. Let those who are interested study it coolly and quietly. The subject has already overflowed dozens of volumes, which can be consulted by those who seek further information. The Baconian Society, whose address is in Bacon's old haunt, Canonbury Tower, N., will be delighted to prescribe a course of reading from their point of view and the works of Colonel and Captain Ward, Mr. Looney, and Mr. Percy Allen should be read by those to whom the Oxford case seems most attractive. My own impression is that the student will find himself considerably confused at the end of perusing so much ingenuity of conjecture and interpretation. The task is for those who have a good deal of spare time on their hands and the particular kind of intellectual curiosity which responds to this kind of puzzle.

Meanwhile, we have the plays, never more frequently or more intelligently edited or more scrupulously acted than at the present. By "scrupulously" I mean that the text is no longer savaged for the benefit of an actor-manager, and that the purpose of modern production is to elicit the author's purpose in every way and represent it in the spirit and the deed. Mr. Gielgud's well-balanced production of "Richard II.," at the Queen's



"I HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE," MR. J. B. PRIESTLEY'S PLAY AT THE ROYALTY: THE ETERNAL TRIANGLE DEVELOPS, AS FORESEEN BY DR. GORTLER; WITH THE NERVE-RACKED HUSBAND, WALTER ORMUND (WILFRID LAWSON), RAVING AT HIS WIFE (PATRICIA HILLIARD) AND HER LOVER, OLIVER FARRANT (WILLIAM FOX). In this play, Mr. Priestley occupies himself with problems of time and psychology. Dr. Gortler, the philosopher, stops at the inn knowing that a past tragedy is about to repeat itself there, and determined to try and avert it.

The greatest authority, Sir Edmund Chambers, says of Shakespeare's early life:

who shall say what adventures, material and spiritual, six or eight crowded Elizabethan years may have brought him? It is no use guessing. As in so many other historical investigations, after all the careful scrutiny of clues and all the patient balancing of possibilities, the last word for a self-respecting scholarship can only be that of nescience.

Then the anti-Stratfordian can strongly suggest, if he cannot prove, the illiteracy and "*petit bourgeois*," preoccupations of the Stratford actor. Here is a passage from the *Toronto Globe and Mail*, by Mr. J. V. Macaree, a distinguished "columnist" who has been struck by the claims of de Vere. Of Will Shakespeare he says:

in later life he was a maltster, money-lender and land speculator. There is no record that he had any formal education, though this has been assumed, or that he had any of the broadening advantages of foreign travel, though this, too, has been taken for granted. He left behind him not a book or manuscript, not a single sentence. In his handwriting all that survives are six wretchedly scrawled signatures spelled in four different ways. It is indeed difficult to match what we know of the man with the Shakespeare plays, or the doggerel invoking a curse on anyone who moved his bones, with a hundred sublime passages in the plays. That is all very well. But it proves nothing either way.

It would be absurd in a single article to enter into a debate on this gigantic subject—especially as this debate so often raises tempers. I deprecate the habit of some Stratfordians of sneering at the anti-Stratfordians and dismissing them as impossible cranks and fools. Where Sir Edmund Chambers speaks of "nescience," we must surely admit the presence of some problem or mystery. But if there is a case for confessing nescience about Shakespeare, there is even more case for being agnostic about Bacon or Oxford or Raleigh, or anybody else.

It is extremely difficult, for example, to get round Ben Jonson's prefatory lines in the First Folio. These



"BONNET OVER THE WINDMILL," AT THE NEW: THE PRINCIPALS IN DODIE SMITH'S NEW PLAY OF LOVE-BLENDED WITH STAGE ASPIRATIONS—JANET JASON (ANNE FIRTH) AND CHRISTOPHER CARSON (JAMES MASON) IN A ROMANTIC MOMENT OUTSIDE CHRISTOPHER'S WINDMILL.

Miss Dodie Smith's highly successful plays include "Autumn Crocus," "Service," and "Call It a Day." "Bonnet Over the Windmill" turns principally on the rivalry of Anthony Hatton, a journalist (Peter Coke), and Christopher Carson, a playwright, for the love of Janet Jason, a stage-struck young woman.

productions in Regent's Park in summer, and the regular, but now more "starry," shows at the Old Vic in winter. Touring of the plays, costly and difficult as it is, has been long and zealously conducted by Mr. Harold V. Neilson; while this autumn, Mr. Donald Wolfitt, who has recently been giving varied and excellent Shakespearean performances at Stratford, is to take out a Shakespearean company in association with Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry. Then the subject of a Shakespeare National Memorial Theatre has reached the verge of practical politics, and before long we may see a temple dedicated, as some would say, to "Shagsper, the butcher's boy," arising in South Kensington as well as on the Avon's banks and in the Waterloo Road.



"THE PHANTOM LIGHT," AT THE HAYMARKET: SAM HIGGINS AND JENNIFER KNOWLES (GORDON HARKER AND EDNA BEST) GETTING THE LIGHTHOUSE LIGHT WORKING AFTER IT HAD BEEN SABOTAGED BY DRUG-SMUGGLERS.

"The Phantom Light" is a thriller centering round the attempts by a gang of drug-traffickers to use a lighthouse for their own purposes. Gordon Harker gives a fine performance as Sam Higgins, the lighthouse-keeper.

Theatre, for example, is a model of that kind: every part is carefully cast and given its due value. Whoever wrote the play is getting a true memorial from Mr. Gielgud, both as director and as protagonist.

FRAGONARD SEEKING TO WIN THE COURT: WORKS SHOWN AT THE MUSÉES D'ART MODERNE.



"LA JEUNE FILLE AUX CHIENS": A PORTRAIT INCLUDED IN THE RETROSPECTIVE EXHIBITION OF FRENCH ART IN THE MUSÉES D'ART MODERNE AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

Reproduced by Courtesy of M. G. Cognacq, Paris.



"LE SONGE DU MENDIANT": A DELIGHTFUL FANTASY PAINTED DURING A VISIT TO ROME BETWEEN 1773 AND 1775.—[Arthur Weisweiler Collection.]

ONE of the features of the Paris International Exhibition, which is proving of exceptional interest to visitors, is the retrospective exhibition of French Art in the Musées d'Art Moderne, on the Quai de Tokio, which closes on November 25. Included in the paintings on view are these five pictures by Jean Honoré Fragonard (1732-1806), representative of his work after he had given up the classical style of painting in order to devote himself to producing those frivolous

[Continued opposite.



"LA FÊTE DE ST. CLOUD": A PICTURE EXPRESSING GENUINE FEELING FOR THE CHARM AND COLOUR OF THE OPEN AIR.

Reproduced by Courtesy of the Banque de France.

and voluptuous subjects for which he found the Court of Louis XV. had such taste. Fragonard studied under Chardin and Boucher, and in 1752 obtained the Grand Prix de Peinture. He went to Rome (a visit he was to repeat in 1773) and to Sicily and Naples, and returned to Paris in 1763. His later style developed after 1767, but his popularity was due to catering for the unrefined taste of society, and the French Revolution not only destroyed his patrons, but forced him to leave Paris; and, on his return, he found himself neglected. He died in obscurity in 1806.



"LES LAVANDIÈRES": A HOMELY SUBJECT DEPICTED WITH A MOST UNUSUAL SETTING; LENT TO THE EXHIBITION BY THE MUSEUM OF PICARDY, AMIENS.



"LE BAISER À LA DÉROBÉE": ONE OF THE SERIES OF PICTURES WITH WHICH THE ARTIST DELIBERATELY CATERED FOR THE TASTE OF THE COURT OF LOUIS XV.—FROM THE HERMITAGE MUSEUM, LENINGRAD.



SILVERSMITHS, though obliged by law to stamp their work with the date-letter and their personal mark, have been rather reticent in leaving behind them detailed accounts of their activities—what they did in their spare time, how they conducted their business, how they arrived at their costs. All the more reason, then, to welcome the tea-caddy of Fig. 1, which, besides being a particularly agreeable example of the taste of its period—its date is 1771—happens to be a document of considerable interest. Scratched on the base, and visible when one turns it slantwise to the light (it is impossible to obtain a satisfactory photograph), is the following inscription—

as. d.	
12-6	£3 11 9
fas etc.	2 11 0
Engraving	3 13 6
Profit	1 0 0
	£10 16 3

—"fas etc." means "fashioning": i.e., the actual cost of making, and the other items speak for themselves. The engraving cost seems small

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. TEA TIME.

By FRANK DAVIS.

and the four sides are engraved with what seem to be the trade marks from the tea-chests that reached the warehouses from China. Date 1765, and makers, John Parker and Edward Wakelin. It's a pleasant, restful period, just when the super-extravagances of the decade 1750-60 had gone out of fashion, and Chippendale was beginning to work to the graceful designs of Robert Adam, and the vogue for Chinese decoration no longer included the actual design—or, rather, the form of the whole object—but was confined to agreeable reminiscence. Incidentally, the price of

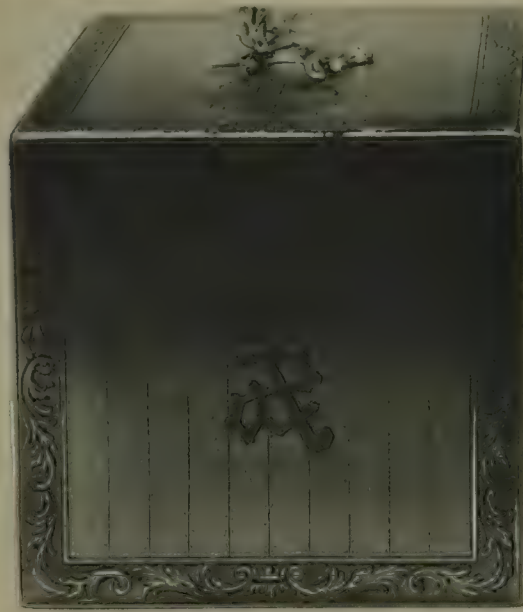
that the wheel has come round full circle; or, rather—as things never do return to their exact starting-point—that the spiral of evolution has moved to a point immediately above its beginning. The normal type of tea-caddy of George I. is very similar to Fig. 4, but with four straight sides, and the four corners sliced off.

To-day one is inclined, almost automatically, to prefer these dignified Euclidian forms of 1722 and 1771 to the restless movement of many of the pieces which were the fashion in the 1740's. What can be a little

tiresome is to listen (as is sometimes my fate) to would-be arbiters of elegance holding forth upon the absolute superiority of Queen Anne and George I. household furnishings to all other modes before or since. Every generation, if it has any originality in it at all, must make its own contribution to the decorative arts, and it is quite easy to see how the vogue for a certain richness in silverwork which came from across the Channel would appeal to, say, Hogarth and his friends as not merely a pleasant change in the sober fabric of social life, but as a revelation of new beauties. This leads one to what seems to me a truly exciting speculation: are the 1940's going to repeat, *mutatis mutandis*, the decorative changes of the 1740's? (Or for that matter of



1. A CHARMING EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY TEA-CADDY WHICH IS OF UNUSUAL INTEREST AS GIVING EVIDENCE OF THE COST OF PRODUCING SILVERWARE AT THE TIME: A PIECE, DATING FROM 1771, ON WHOSE BASE THE MAKER, WILLIAM VINCENT, HAS SCRATCHED FINANCIAL DETAILS.



2. ANOTHER EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY SILVER TEA-CADDY: MADE BY JOHN PARKER AND EDWARD WAKELIN IN 1765—SHOWING ONE OF THE TEA-CHEST "CHOPS" DECORATING IT, AND THE HANDLE IN THE SHAPE OF A SPRAY OF TEA BLOSSOM.

tea was quite reasonable—by 1785 green tea is offered at 3s. 4d. to 5s. per pound; Bohea at 2s.

Go back to the 1740's. Green tea is 10s. per pound; supplies had not yet overtaken demand. (There's no connection, of course, between the price of tea and the style of tea-caddies, but it's not unamusing to note the variations; and presumably, as the price of tea falls, tea-caddies become more numerous.) Here is (Fig. 3) a delightful set with their painted wooden casket. Date about 1745, and an extremely good example of the elaborately chased type upon



3. THE CROWNING ELEGANCE OF THE POLITE TEA-TABLE OF THE 1740's: THREE ELABORATELY CHASED SILVER TEA-CADDIES; WITH THE PAINTED WOODEN CASKET THAT HOLDS THEM.

Reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. S. J. Phillips.

when one considers the work involved, and its beautiful quality: yet more surprising is the modest profit of 10 per cent. If this was William Vincent's usual practice, one wonders how long he managed to remain solvent! Anyway, I doubt whether the modern silversmith could possibly work on so small a margin, except, perhaps, by mechanical mass-production methods. The style of the engraving is particularly pleasant, with its pretty Chinese scenes, taken presumably from some current French book of patterns, beneath an elegant festoon of ribbons in the manner of hundreds of Louis XVI. designs. The lid is surmounted by a handle in the shape of a spray of tea in blossom.

Fig. 2 is only less amusing, and rather more austere. The handle is as Fig. 1, with variations,

which the silversmiths of this decade lavished all their ingenuity. Compare these with Fig. 4, one of a pair of the year 1722; or with Fig. 5 (1715); and again with Figs. 1 and 2, and it is pretty evident



5. ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF EARLY SIMPLICITY IN TEA-CADDY DESIGN: A MONUMENTAL TYPE BY JOSEPH CLARE (1715). All Reproductions by Courtesy of Messrs. Crichton; except Fig. 3.



4. EARLY EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY SIMPLICITY IN TEA-CADDY DESIGN, WHICH ANTICIPATED THE TASTE FOR SIMPLICITY THAT CAME IN AGAIN LATER IN THE CENTURY: AN EXAMPLE DATING FROM 1722.

the 1840's, though the parallel there is not so exact.) For with us, too, the arts have been passing through a stage in which smooth surfaces and great restraint of form have been considered—and still are considered in most places—the final perfection. There is quite a lot to be said for this theory, but if it is pushed to its logical conclusion we shall have to (a) admire trees only in winter-time; (b) provide the roof of King's College Chapel with a flat ceiling; (c) prefer canals to running water.

This is a not unfair *reductio ad absurdum* of such opinions. If I am taken to task for relating a tea-caddy to King's College Chapel, I hereby underline what is to me a fact—they are related, and not distantly. Style is something which is inherent in all works of art, irrespective of size.

A GREAT EVENT IN THE ART WORLD: THE NEWLY-FOUND REMBRANDT.



"LOT AND HIS DAUGHTERS": THE EARLY REMBRANDT RECENTLY DISCOVERED BY DR. BREDIUS; AND FORMERLY IN AN ENGLISH COLLECTION; NOW ON EXHIBITION IN HOLLAND.

The discovery of an early Rembrandt is a great event in the Art World. Dr. Bredius is responsible for that of "Lot and his Daughters." In the catalogue of the great Dutch art-dealers, Messrs. Katz, is quoted the following description by him. "It is wonderful that now, within so short a time, our knowledge has been so enriched as regards Rembrandt's earlier work, from the years 1626-1630, and that we now know what masterpieces were created in that time. This magnificent composition, this wonderful splendour of colours, is the work of already mature genius, which, while still seeking after the highest—yet to be given us by

the artist—has already created a masterpiece such as 'Lot and his Daughters.'" Rembrandt's earliest known works, according to Bryan's "Dictionary of Painters and Engravers," are "St. Paul in Prison" (at Stuttgart) and the "Money-Changer" (at Berlin), both dating from 1627. The artist had entered the then famous studio of Peter Lastman at Amsterdam in 1624, but six months of that worthy's instructions proved more than enough for Rembrandt. Lastman had the artificial Italian manner, with which Rembrandt, the earnest seeker after truth in nature, had no sympathy.—[REPRODUCTION BY COURTESY OF FIRMA D. KATZ, DIJEN BIJ ARNHEM.]

HOW AN ENGLISH WOMAN ENTERED A FORBIDDEN SHI'A SHRINE DISGUISED AS A MOSLEM:

MISS FREYA STARK'S VISIT TO KADHIMAIN, A HOLY CITY OF IRAQ.

By FREYA STARK, whose new book, "Baghdad Sketches," is to be published shortly.

The importance of Miss Freya Stark's work as an explorer has been recognised by a number of awards from scientific bodies, notably that of the Triennial Burton Memorial Medal from the Royal Asiatic Society (1934). She has, in the past, contributed a number of extremely interesting articles to "The Illustrated London News." Here we give a graphic description by her of her visit to the Shrine at Kadhimain, one of the four Holy Cities of Iraq, for which it was necessary for her to disguise herself as a Moslem woman.

TO go in disguise must give one as nearly as possible the feeling of being one's own ghost; and more especially if the disguise is that of a Moslem woman, who walks about seeing but unseen—or at all events, unrecognised. I came to adopt this costume one evening in Baghdad, so as to visit the shrine of the two Imams at Kadhimain, which is one of the four Holy Cities of Iraq. I had been there as a tourist, with an anxious policeman watching to see that we did not carelessly brush the sacred threshold with even the hem of our garments, while a hostile crowd of Shi'as, chiefly either Persian or of Persian descent, stood around to watch. It was an unsatisfactory way of doing it, and I told my friend Nuri that I would like to go one day in a less conspicuous manner. I would go during the Ramadhan fast in the evening, for the shrine is then kept open till late at night, and the dim lighting would make things easier. Nuri had Shi'a friends in the holy city who would take me; and I would go to them

the old city of Mansur. We were out under the stars, with shapes of palm-trees moving against the blue night sky. Suddenly, as if standing alone in space, the tops of the four gilt minarets of the Holy City appeared, illuminated by the lights at their summits which shine through all the nights of Ramadhan. A row of small green and red and yellow lights below enclosed the square of the shrine: the two golden domes gleamed here and there, almost invisible in the shadow of the night. The deep sky behind, the half-lighted building, the carriage full of pilgrims in their dim abstraction, had a strange solemnity: the surrounding darkness hid all the ugliness and squalor which ever

read in the centre of the carriage one by one, waiting for a favourable lurch of the candle for light to punch them by. And now we had left the suburbs of Karkh,

been inside at one time and another. We drank coffee and ate sweetmeats, and presently set forth with a servant and lantern ahead to light the gaping pitfalls of the street, for we had left the twentieth century again, and were moving under the dark, overhanging houses into the dark bazaar. Dim figures, squatting silent by their closed booths, with



THE SHRINE AT KADHIMAIN, WHICH MISS FREYA STARK VISITED, BY NIGHT, DISGUISED AS A MOSLEM WOMAN: THE GILT MINARETS AND GOLDEN DOMES OF THE HOLY PLACE, WHICH SHI'A FANATICISM FORBIDS EUROPEANS TO ENTER.

The Imams Musa and Mohammed—descendants of the Prophet through his daughter Fatima and his son-in-law Ali—are buried in this shrine. The Shi'as are, of course, the great Islamic sect who regard Ali and his descendants as the only rightful Caliphs, as opposed to the Sunnis, who hold that the Caliphate is an elective office.



THE INCONGRUOUS CONVEYANCE OF THE FAITHFUL WHO GO IN PILGRIMAGE TO KADHIMAIN FROM BAGHDAD: A RAMSHACKLE, HORSE-DRAWN TRAM IN WHICH MISS STARK TRAVELLED FULLY VEILED, PASSING AS A MOSLEM WOMAN.

with two of his sisters, taking the tram from Baghdad together with the other pilgrims.

Accordingly, one evening as the dusk was falling along the river, Nuri came for me with a bundle of black clothes—a small chiffon veil called a "pushi" to tie over one's head, and an abba to be draped across the forehead so that the empty sleeveholes fall over the shoulders and the whole thing covers one up like a cape. In one of the blind alleys, which are conveniently numerous, I slipped these garments on, and reappeared on the deserted river "bund" as like a Baghdad woman as could be wished, for I had taken pains to beautify my eyes with a thick, black line of kohl, so that I could throw back the veil when men were not about and, holding the cloak to my mouth, could look around me. As we reached the lights and traffic of the Maude bridge, I pulled the veil modestly down and stood there while Nuri went for a cab, and looked around at the twilight world in which I had enveloped myself with a strange sensation of having become suddenly disembodied. English friends were going to and fro to their dinners in cars: they looked straight through me. With hesitating steps, for I could not well see what I was treading on, I crossed over to the cab, while the policeman waving his arm, impatient with the uncertain progress of Arabs, whose difficulties I was now sympathising with to the full.

We jostled through narrow streets and dark bazaars; knocked at a small door in a blank wall; were drawn in like conspirators to where the two sisters, ready veiled, waited for me; and presently, with advice and good wishes, and a small maid carrying a lantern before us, we sallied forth to the tram. I had never seen this venerable relic by day. By night it looked a huge machine which, having got rusted over in the deluge, had creaked ever since. It was drawn by horses along rails. It had two carriages, one for men and one for women—the latter, when we settled in it, full of stout negroes, from whose overflowing garments unexpected babies seemed to roll and tumble out. In the dim light one could just see the white-rimmed eyes and bits of black cheeks and noses, for they kept their faces covered.

We jangled out among the courts and houses. A candle in a dirty lantern swayed from the roof, scattering grease. The ticket collector came, his head swathed in a check cloth, as if for a toothache; from our black folds we produced the slips of paper, which he had to take to

comes near beauty in the East. We rumbled to a standstill, climbed down the ladder-like steps of the Father of Trams, and with some difficulty in following the directions, finally reached the house of our Shi'a friends.

Here we stepped again into the twentieth century. The master of the house was an engineer who had travelled in Egypt; his young brother, in a beret and very baggy flannels, studied law in Alexandria; and his wife, who was also coming with us, had shingled hair and a little French head-dress under her veil. They had no misgivings, they said, so long as I did not speak, for my accent would betray me. They had taken Christians into the shrine before, but no European, though several European women have

rosaries over their idle fingers, peered at us passing; the shadowy gate and its high threshold, where in the daytime so many jealous faces had prevented our approach, now stood before us, the entrance to a world incredibly unchanged and old.

We crossed the threshold under a looped chain that one touches, for it confers a blessing, into the great court or piazza of the sanctuary. It seemed enormously spacious; the whole constellation of Orion hung above it in black depths of sky. Round three sides of it are porticoes faced with flowered tiles. The lights above and the light from the clock shed a pleasant twilight in which many gowned figures paced up and down. A group in a corner held a newspaper; the Holy Cities, and the mosques more especially, are great places for the hatching of seditions. Black groups of women sat about on the pavement. The space is so wide that great numbers can walk here without making it look crowded. In an absurd way I thought of the square of St. Mark's on a summer evening.

And now we came to the outer door of the shrine itself, under a gilt porch on slim wooden columns. A man crouching there took our shoes and added them to others in rows. I had just advanced to enter under the heavy curtain, when a Sayid in green turban, one of the descendants of the Prophet, called me back, giving me a very unpleasant shock. One of my companions clutched at my abba with a shaking hand; the Sayid, however, was only calling us because he knew our host and wished to do us honour. "You belong to the House," he told him. "I myself will take you round." And so, as we stood on the step before the heavy curtain, he called the blessing upon us of 'Ali and Muhammad and the two Imams of their family, in a voice so beautiful, chanting its invocation in the night air for us who were about to enter the sanctuary, that I have rarely heard anything more impressive or more appealing. "Allah is great," he said, and motioned us to enter.

We first came into a gallery roofed with stalactite work of mirrors, glittering dimly, and with mirrors let into cheap and bad woodwork round the sides; and then, coming to another curtain between very tall double doors of beaten silver, with thin models of the hand of 'Abbas cut out in silver sheets and nailed across the design here and there—we stepped into the inner sanctuary of the tomb. It was a very high room with the two great silver doorways at right angles to each other. Glass chandeliers in numbers hung from the ceiling. The walls were adorned with arabesques in colours on a dark ground. On the floor were carpets poor in quality. All this was but the setting for the tomb.

It stood in the middle within its triple cage, whose outer silver more than half-way up is constantly polished by the hands and the lips of the faithful, passing in endless procession. The bars of beaten silver, worked in patterns, are like window gratings framed in pointed arches, so that the tomb looks as if it had five windows on the longer and three on the shorter side. It must be about ten feet high. The top is decorated with horizontal mouldings to soften the uncompromising squareness, and surmounting all are the little green flags of the house of 'Ali.

If you stand at the grating, with your face pressed against the silver bars, you see dimly, through another grating of iron and through a case of glass, the two carved wooden coffins of the Imams. To do this, people will walk from Afghanistan and India and the remotest provinces of Persia. Swarthy, bearded men were here, and almost hairless Mongolian faces; the lean, drooping Persian, and flat-faced Shi'a of Iraq. Sitting in complete abstraction before great leaden candlesticks on the ground, pilgrims with heavy turbans chanted the holy verses, swaying softly. Women were in one corner, murmuring together in their black draperies on the floor. I followed the Sayid, pressing my hands against the bars, moving slowly from right to left round the tomb. A woman beside me sobbed desperately, and kissed the polished silver, and pressed her hands to every knob she could reach. Thousands, millions of these hands pass over that indifferent surface, smoothing

(Continued on page 628.)



THE GATE OF THE HOLY PLACE AT KADHIMAIN; SHOWING THE CHAIN HANGING AT THE ENTRANCE, WHICH CONFERS A BLESSING ON ALL WHO TOUCH IT AS THEY PASS IN; AND SOMETHING OF THE DECORATION OF THE INTERIOR.

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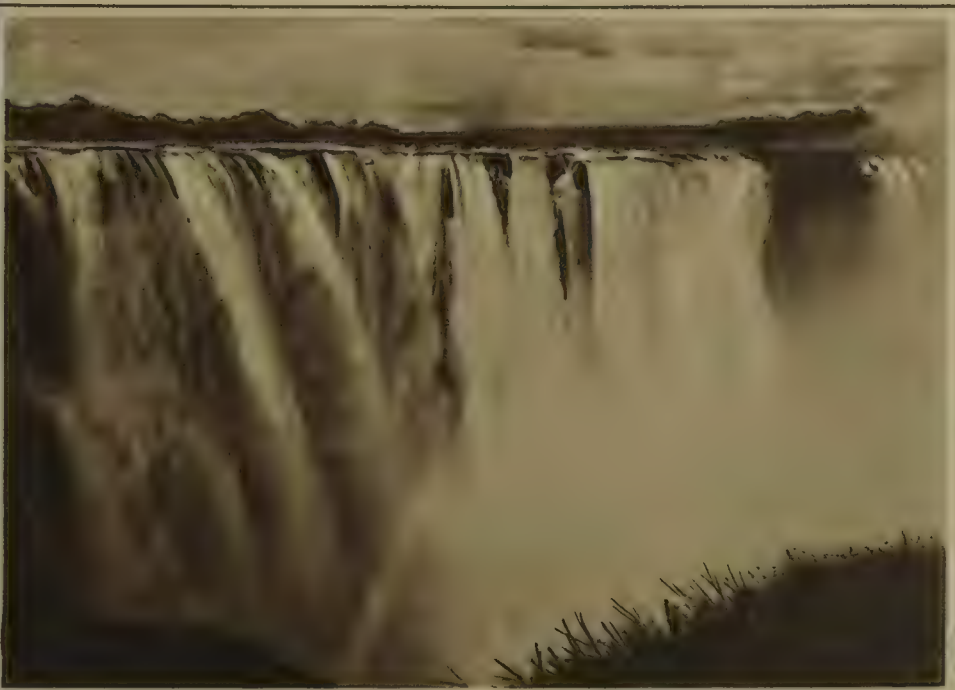
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THE WHITE-TAILED SEA-EAGLE—A BIRD EXTINCT IN BRITAIN: ITS BREEDING, FEEDING, AND HUNTING HABITS REVEALED.



AT A TYPICAL SEA-EAGLE'S HAUNT: THE PHOTOGRAPHER CLIMBING A PINE TO THE NEST—ABOUT SIX FEET IN DIAMETER.

A HALF-GROWN FLEDGLING OF THE WHITE-TAILED SEA-EAGLE (*HALIETUS ALBICILLA*)—ITS SIZE INDICATED BY THE "VISITOR" WHO IS HOLDING IT IN THE ENORMOUS NEST.



SHOWING THE TAIL-FEATHERS, WHICH ARE DARK BROWN AT FIRST, BUT TURN ENTIRELY WHITE: THE FLEDGLING WHITE-TAILED SEA-EAGLE ENERGETICALLY TRYING ITS WINGS BEFORE LEAVING THE NEST.



A MENACING WELCOME INTO THE NEST: THE FLEDGLING RESENTING THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S INTRUSION AND CHALLENGING HIM WITH ITS LONG AND POWERFUL BEAK, WHICH CURVES DOWNWARDS INTO A DEEP HOOK.



MEAL-TIME IN THE SEA-EAGLE'S EYRIE: AN ADULT BIRD TEARING INTO PIECES ITS PREY, WHICH CONSISTS OF FISH, BIRD OR SMALL MAMMAL, IN ORDER TO FEED THE TWO FLEDGLINGS.



AT THE MOMENT OF SEIZING ITS PREY: A SEA-EAGLE, WITH WINGS OUTSTRETCHED, SWOOPING DOWN ON A SCOTER (DIVING DUCK) WHILE OTHERS OF THE FLIGHT RAPIDLY DISPERSE TO THE LEFT AND RIGHT.

These very interesting photographs of the White-tailed Sea-eagle (*Haliaetus albicilla*) were taken in Finland by Mr. Gunnar Granberg, and include one which is particularly noteworthy showing the bird in the act of seizing its prey. At one time these birds were breeding in Britain, but they are now thought to be extinct here; their last stronghold having been in the Hebrides. In general coloration they are brown with an entirely white tail, and the female, which is the larger, attains a

length of 38 inches. The beak is very powerful and, from the base, is straight before curving into a hook; while the legs are feathered for nearly half their length. Their prey consists chiefly of fish, but they also attack birds and small mammals. The nest is an enormous affair some six feet in diameter and built on cliffs, trees or even the ground. Sometimes the same nest is used year after year and, as the birds add to it each time, it becomes as high as it is wide.



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THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF THE "STOLEN 'APOLLO'"—NOW IN GREECE.

A sensation was caused in Athens, and in archaeological circles generally, this summer, by an official statement, made by the Greek authorities, that an archaic Greek statue of "Apollo" had been illegally smuggled out of the country and recovered under somewhat dramatic circumstances. We give below an account of the adventures of this statue, as sent us by a correspondent in Greece, together with a photograph of the upper part of the statue itself. This, it may be explained, is a magnificent example of archaic Greek art of about the sixth century B.C. It belongs to a type formerly known to archaeologists as "Apollon," but now generally referred to simply as "Kouros" (that is, "Youths"), since it appears that few, if any, of them were intended as representations of a deity, and some certainly were only memorials of deserving mortals. It is also worth noting, perhaps, that some of the most famous examples of these Apollons were found at Sounion, the southernmost promontory of Attica. It was near here, at Anavissos, that the Kouros described on this page was found.

THE "stolen 'Apollo,'" which, after strange adventures, was handed over to the Hellenic Legation in Paris recently, is now safely housed in the National Museum in Athens. It was in the summer of 1932 that Greek police officers first got on the track of a gang of smugglers of antiques, whose members had from time to time, by excavating Mycenaean tombs, obtained possession of marble statues, reliefs, coins, and ancient gold ornaments of great value. By systematically shadowing the activities of this gang, the police succeeded in ascertaining that, in Attica, certain peasants carried out illegal excavations at night and methodically rifled the ancient graves of that province. Some of these villagers had become so expert that they astonished professional archaeologists. During the course of repeated cross-examinations following their arrest, they were able to name the exact period to which the various antiques belonged. The members of this gang, who, in addition to other statues and antiques, had

found, sold, and secretly exported the marble "Apollo" in question, were arrested a few months after its shipment abroad and were obliged to confess. The various courts before which they were successively tried sentenced them to periods of imprisonment and also imposed heavy fines. During the course of these trials, the accused confessed that the statue of the marble "Apollo" was discovered on an estate at Anavissos (near Sounion), about twenty miles south of Athens, and one of them described how they set out each evening after dark, under the leadership of a foreman, who knew exactly in which localities antiques were to be found, and then commenced digging surreptitiously. "From time to time," the witness is reported to have said, "we found numerous statues, heads, coins, and other valuable antiques, which were sold to various dealers in Athens. On the estate at Anavissos, besides the statue of Apollo, we had previously found other statues and coins, and on the night of June 1 we had only been digging for about half an hour when we found the statue. When we had dug down about half a metre, the pick of one of the men struck against marble and we then commenced carefully shovelling away the earth, until we uncovered the marble statue and cleared away the soil. It was a statue of Apollo about two metres high, in a very good state of preservation, except that the legs were detached below the knees. We found these a short distance away. The whole statue was coloured red from its contact with the soil. When we had raised it out of the trench," continued the witness, "because of its great



A HIGHLY IMPORTANT ARCHAIC GREEK STATUE SMUGGLED OUT OF GREECE, BUT RECOVERED BY THE GREEK AUTHORITIES: THE UPPER PART OF THE MAGNIFICENT "KOUROS," ILLEGALLY EXCAVATED AT ANAVISSOS, IN ATTICA, AS PACKED FOR TRANSPORT; SHOWING HOW THE STATUE WAS BROKEN NEAR THE NAVEL, TO FACILITATE ITS HANDLING.

weight the foreman placed large stones under its back and thighs and struck it with another stone on the stomach near the navel, which caused the statue to break in the centre. This enabled us to move it a short distance away and conceal it by covering it with grasses. Next night, as soon as darkness fell, we transported it in a cart to the village. There it remained hidden for several days in the foreman's stable, while he negotiated with various persons who acted as illicit dealers in antiques. Eventually he sold it, receiving the sum of 380,000 drachmæ (about £700) in payment." Apparently the statue was secretly taken one night to the little port of Oropos and buried in the sand for several days, until it could be loaded on to a sailing-boat, from which it was transhipped, some miles from land, to a steamer bound for a foreign port, but the exact method of its export has not been conclusively proved. It may have been shipped through the Piræus Customs on a declaration that the cases contained samples of ore, by which method it appears that many other antiquities have been smuggled out of Greece. The statue finally arrived in Paris, having been bought by a dealer, who, according to one account, stored it in a private warehouse; but according to other information, hid it in the vaults of a French bank. Later, the Greek police ascertained the residence of the dealer, but could not find out whether the statue was still in his possession or whether he had sold it. About four months ago a Greek police officer in Paris received information that the dealer (who had, in the meantime, been sentenced by default in the Greek Courts to eight years' imprisonment and to payment of a fine of 82,000,000 drachmæ) was still in Paris and would be able to solve the mystery surrounding the whereabouts of this statue. In the end it was definitely ascertained that the dealer still had the statue stored in a vault in Paris. The Greek Minister of Public Security then commenced negotiations with the French Government for the dealer's

extradition and the sequestration of the statue. Finally, towards the end of May, the French police arrested the man in execution of a warrant issued by the Greek courts, but released him twenty-four hours later, because the French court, before which he was tried, decided that he could not be extradited to Greece owing to the fact that neither in France nor any other Western European country was there any law against smuggling antiques. But, as it turned out, the man's arrest and detention served to expedite matters, for when, later, a personal friend proposed that he should return the stolen statue to the Greek Government, the proposal was accepted without much demur. During the first fortnight in June, the Greek Minister of Public Security received a letter from the dealer informing him of his decision to return the "Apollo" which he still retained in his possession. A copy of this letter was sent to the Hellenic Legation in Paris, with instructions to arrange to take delivery of the statue. On July 15 the Hellenic Minister in Paris informed the authorities at Athens that the statue of Apollo, consisting of ten pieces and packed in three cases, had been delivered to the Hellenic Legation by the dealer in question. It was surrendered to M. Politis, the Greek Minister, in the presence of Prince Nicholas and other Greek officials. Four police officers were sent to Paris to take charge of the cases. They escorted the statue back to Greece, where it was duly handed over to the authorities of the National Museum in Athens.

This England . . .



Naunton, in a fold of the Cotswolds—Glos.

THERE was a great American who wrote this of England: "There is only one England. Now that I have sampled the globe, I am not in doubt . . . That beauty which is England alone — it has no duplicate. It is made up of very simple details — just grass and trees, and roads and hedges . . . and churches and castles — and over it all a mellow dream haze of history." Thus Mark Twain. And he might rightly have added to his simple catalogue "and hop vines and barley and the brewing of Worthington," for these last are as English as any ivy'd church or moated castle—and, in their humble way, just as historic.



BOOKS OF THE DAY.—(Continued from page 608)

conventions in China, I do not think there could be anything better than "FAMOUS CHINESE PLAYS." Translated and Edited by L. C. Arlington and Harold Acton. Illustrated (Henri Vetch: Peiping; 16s.). This useful work, which gives English translations (with stage directions and notes) of thirty-three plays witnessed in Peking theatres, is a result of Anglo-American co-operation. Mr. Arlington is a Californian who went to China in 1879 and has described his career in the Chinese Government service in an autobiographical book, "Through the Dragon's Eyes." Mr. Acton is a young English poet who has lived in Peiping (Peking) since 1933 and has published a volume of translations entitled "Modern Chinese Poetry" (noticed, if I remember aright, on this page when it appeared).

The book now under review contains, besides the plays, numerous photographs of Chinese players in costume and stage attitudes. On the Chinese stage gesture and attitude are all-important, for there is no scenery. Everything is symbolic. Thus "an oar represents a boat; a flag an army; a chair, a bridge or a mountain. A fan may be exchanged for an umbrella to signify a rain storm." The actor's art is the reverse of realistic. "He is scenery, singer, dancer, acrobat, mime at once. By holding a whip he can indicate that he is riding a horse; by standing on a chair he can conjure a mountain." All this symbolism, one might think, would put a considerable strain on the audience, but presumably they know the technique. The subject of one of the plays reminds me of John Davidson's "Ballad of a Nun." Although many of them have military scenes, I do not notice any reference to Japan. One passage of dialogue contains the remark: "Why bother to sell the Three Character Classic at Confucius' door?" A footnote explains that this is equivalent to our time-honoured English proverb—"Teach your grandmother to suck eggs!"

Our readers will doubtless remember various contributions by Bishop White on Chinese bronzes from the ancient capital at Loyang. A debt to him is acknowledged by the author of "ANCIENT CHINESE BRONZE MIRRORS." By R. W. Swallow. With over 100 Photographs (Peiping: Henri Vetch; 12s. 6d.). The author, we learn, was born in China and, after being educated in England, was a professor at Shansi

University, and during the war was technical officer with the Chinese Labour Corps in France. One of the mirrors described and illustrated shows a meeting between Confucius and a certain musician. There is quite a topical touch (though it relates to events some years ago) in the author's statement that his book "was begun to the sound of artillery fire, taking place at a battle some 20 miles away, and that the work was several times interrupted by air raids." Mr. Swallow expresses regret at not having been able to visit Japan, where, he says, there are very fine collections of Chinese bronzes and some of the foremost authorities on Chinese art. What are their feelings, one wonders, concerning their military compatriots' present operations in China? C. E. B.

MISS FREYA STARK'S VISIT TO KADHIMAIN.

(Continued from page 622)

it away with their hopes and prayers, the piteous faith of mankind.

In that room the very atmosphere was electric with emotion. One could not stand there without feeling the passion of it, its utter completeness, its ancient cruelty behind that quiet calm of prayer, behind those figures standing with upturned palms and faces, lost in their ecstasy. An alien discovered here, I reflected, would scarcely reach the outer gateway; and then there would be the bazaar, and what a nasty mess for the police! My little friend ahead of me was still trembling, hurrying through her pilgrimage with rather unseemly haste. This was not the atmosphere even for the Westernised Oriental: this was the Old East, incompatible with all we bring and do: it was they or us, and they would have a right to murder us if they found us, here where the old law held.

We had reached the short side of the tomb, farthest from the door. The Sayid again chanted a prayer, while we stood with upturned palms; again the beauty of the words, the passion of devotion all around me, made me forget that I was a stranger; there is but one accent of faith, after all. We made our way slowly down the fourth side. Instead of the five window patterns, the centre is here taken up by what appears to be the entrance to the tomb, all in beaten silver, but square instead of having the pointed finish of the other decoration. I could not ask, being afraid to speak.

Luckily, as we were women, it was not our business to thank the Sayid. Our host did so, while we slipped into the court to the Keeper of Shoes, who beats the Savoy cloak-room attendant, for he gave us our own pairs without a word of explanation, though he could see nothing except our shapeless silhouettes and the cotton stocking which I had allowed to droop over my ankle to make it look more genuinely like female Baghdad.

As we stood there a water-carrier came up, dressed in a short tunic to the thighs, with his pointed jar hung by a strap across his shoulders and a brass saucer in his hand. "Water of the Way." The water that was refused to our lord Husein on the Day of Kerbela." I paid four annas like the rest, and wondered if I committed sacrilege by pouring the water away, but that public bowl was used by too many sick and maimed to be tempting. Nothing was said. We stepped out of the sacred enclosure, over the high threshold, under the chain, into the dark bazaar. Our tram, clanking like Juggernaut, took us back through the starlight: we had a last view of the golden domes; the four minarets and their lights shone clear and still against the midnight sky.

"THE LAST STRAW," AT THE COMEDY.

FOR those who delight to "gorge their souls with horror," this is the most satisfying dish in town. Mr. Marius Goring plays the part of an æsthetic Oxford undergraduate who, bullied at his prep. school, trembles at the thought of violence. A crowd of "hearties" invade his rooms, and, in a very realistic scene, throw his furniture from the window and smash a vase that is the hereditary "Luck" of his family. He plans a revenge on his chief persecutor. Next day, under the pretext of giving him a "hair of the dog," he drugs him so that he loses the power of speech and movement. The victim's brain is still active, however, so he is able to appreciate the details of the fiendish plot. Stowed away in a trunk, he is taken down to a cottage on the marshes, there to be dumped into a dyke, where he will listen to the tide that is slowly rising to drown him. This is fine macabre stuff, if a little reminiscent of "Rope"—Mr. Patrick Hamilton's first and, unfortunately, so far, his last play. The intending murderer finds, however, that his cottage is still occupied by his tenants, and that a motor accident prevents them leaving that night. The trunk, with its ghastly contents, both actually and dramatically takes the centre of the stage in this scene. Mr. Goring shows the man's fearful indecision magnificently. His racked nerves are crying out for the relief of alcohol; yet he fears to tear himself away from the trunk and go to the village hostelry. Miss Lucie Mannheim had been playing with such restraint that her piercing scream of horror, when it did come, startled the audience. The play, it should be said, opens with an epilogue showing what happens a year later: the would-be murderer, released from a "Home of Psychological Therapy," apparently cured of all complexes and inhibitions. Mr. Marius Goring's performance will add to his quickly growing reputation. Mr. Andre Morell plays the bully extremely well; and Mr. Arthur Hambling contributes one of the cleverest bits of "doubling" seen for a long time. In the "Epilogue" he plays a dignified psychologist, and in the play proper a rustic with a hearty manner and a taste for beer.

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

THE Royal Albert Hall is the scene of the Annual Ford Motor Exhibition, which opens on Oct. 14 and continues until Oct. 23 inclusive. It is the largest "one-make" show held in the world, and no motorist should miss paying a visit to it, as it is well worth the few pence charged for admission. Here will be seen all the latest products of the Dagenham factory: cars, carts, agricultural tractors, fire engines, lorries, vans of all descriptions, capable of transporting every kind of load the commercial world can want to carry from one place to another.

Naturally, the public will be mostly interested in the different types of cars which will be staged, especially the new Ford "Eight," with its £6 annual tax. It will be seen as a graceful saloon, providing good accommodation for four passengers, with enclosed luggage boot, no wells in the floor to trip over, tubular front seats, easy-to-clean wheels, and entirely

new, fully compensated brakes. It will be staged in its standard coachwork and in its *de luxe* form by the Ford Motor Company, who are organising this display; also as a sports two-seater and a drop-head coupé by some of the firms who are exhibiting there. Then there is an improved Ford "V-8" 22-h.p. car, with larger bodywork, increased luggage space, and new interior equipment.

Business folk will be pleased to see a new forward-control, three-ton Fordson truck, combining generous load space with low running cost, and within the £30-tax limit. Moreover, as operators in the transport world can have either four-cylinder or eight-cylinder engines fitted to Fordson commercial chassis, they will see examples of both these power-units applied in suitable commercial vehicles to meet business men's special needs.

There will also be some attractive Ford carriages, with special coachwork exhibited on the Ford 30-h.p. "V-8"-cylinder model, as well as on the 22-h.p. model. The 10-h.p. Ford will be shown in various styles, and so anxious are the public to see the latest Ford products that special trains from Liverpool and other commercial centres in the United Kingdom are bringing large parties of visitors to this Exhibition. There will be spectacular decorations, music, cinemas, and demonstrations to give the Show a still wider public interest.

The season's last road-race at the Crystal Palace will be an important event. To-day, Oct. 9, the cream of Britain's racing motorists

will compete for the Imperial Trophy, with a "foreign menace" in the persons of Villorosi, who won the 1500-c.c. class in the Masaryk race, held near Prague on Sept. 25, and Count Lurani, 1100-c.c. Continental



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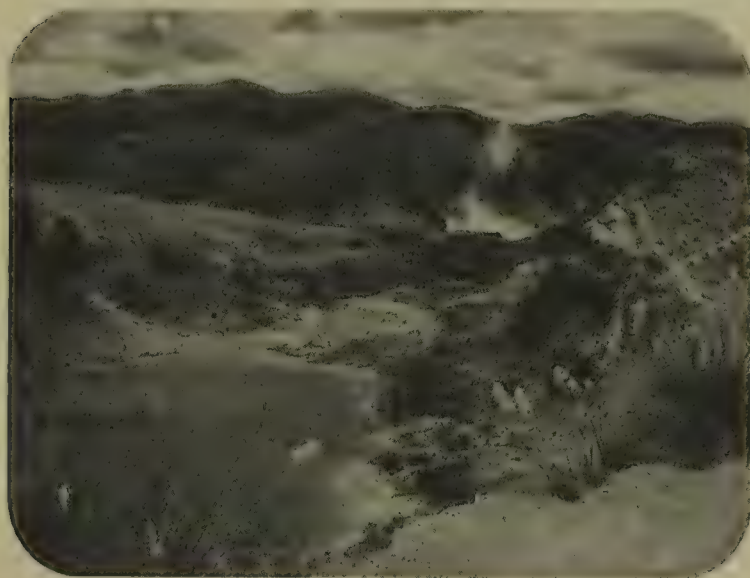
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WINTER TRAVEL—TO SHORES OF SUNSHINE.

By EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

INDIA—BURMA—CEYLON—AUSTRALIA—
AND NEW ZEALAND.

WINTER travel, these days, is almost boundless, and given satisfactory climatic conditions, good hotel accommodation, and facilities for sight-seeing in comfort, any country possessing such attractions can reasonably expect a fair share of winter visitors, always provided that transport to and from its shores is up to date and moderate in cost. In these respects India, to-day, is well to the fore. Just as of late years there have been vast political changes in the land, so, also, there has been a great change in social conditions, and those who knew the India of fifteen, even ten, years ago would find it very different now. In the larger cities there are modern first-class hotels, where the food and accommodation supplied equal the standard of such hotels in Europe, whilst the prices charged are in many cases considerably lower, and music and dancing figure prominently. Almost every form of sport is available for the visitor and, on the social side, temporary or honorary membership is granted to accredited visitors by most of the clubs of India, the splendid facilities of which go far towards making one's stay therein exceedingly enjoyable. Then as regards climate, the winter season, over the greater part of the country, is a time of warm sunny days and cool nights, with little rain and clear skies. Transport facilities are excellent by rail or by road. First-class rail fares, in air-conditioned coaches, on certain services, are only slightly more than third-class fares in this country, and it is possible for a party to hire a tourist car, at a very reasonable charge, in which there is luxurious accommodation, including catering and quarters for servants, and in this manner tour the country. Nine-tenths of the people of India live in villages, and to see the real life of the country you must traverse the rural districts, which modern progress has scarcely touched.



A SCENE IN THE FAMOUS GEYSER DISTRICT OF ROTORUA, NORTH ISLAND, NEW ZEALAND: WAIMANGU GEYSER.

Photograph by Courtesy of the High Commissioner for New Zealand.

In the great cities of India, side by side with the new, you will see wonders of the past. Delhi is a marvel of modern architecture, but its marble palaces of Moghul times thrill one more; Calcutta and Bombay are holiday centres as up to date as any in Europe, yet the former is rich in relics of the days of Clive, and the latter is but six miles distant from the far-famed caves of Elephanta. Madras has a marine drive which equals in beauty that of any city by the sea, and old Fort St. George there is, with the exception of Armagon, England's oldest fortified position in India. No building in the world can match the beauty of the Taj Mahal; nor can you see elsewhere such sights as those of the temples and bathing ghats of Benares, the ruined city of Fatehpur Sikri, and the deserted palaces of Amber. Udaipur is a city of palaces, with a fantastic lake setting; Jaipur's rose-pink buildings, Gwalior's great fort, Amritsar's golden temple, the temple of Jagannath at Puri, Madura's Hall of a Thousand Pillars, and the Rock of Trichinopoly enthrall one. Lucknow and Cawnpore have their stirring reminders of a tragic past, whilst the Gersoppa Falls, in Mysore, half a mile in width and 1000 ft. in depth, are foremost amongst the scenic attractions of India.

Burma is another fascinating land for the tourist, with its happy, care-free people, clad in bright colours, its ornately-carved temples, its golden pagodas, and its luxuriant vegetation. In the capital, Rangoon, a city with modern hotels and fine facilities for sport, stands the great Shwe Dagon Pagoda, with a base of 1355 ft. and a height of 370 ft.—higher than St. Paul's. A trip up the River Irrawaddy by a comfortably-appointed river steamer takes one to Mandalay, and the Palace of King Theebaw, and from Mandalay one can go to Amarapura and its profusion of pagodas; to the Mindoon Pagoda; and to Ava, and its Oak Kyaung. North of Mandalay, at Mogok, in the well-known Ruby Mines district, there is delightful scenery, and near Myitkyina, a frontier station, there is a forest reserve where tigers, elephants, and other wild

animals may be seen in their natural surroundings. Kalaw, in the Southern States, which can be reached by railway via Thazi, is a charming hill-station, where one can see the quaint Padaung women wearing many rings of brass collars around their elongated necks and Bre women with their legs encased from thigh to ankle in metal hoops, and from here a trip can be made by motor to Taunggyi, the pretty capital, and the lovely Inle Lakes, and from Taunggyi to Lashio, to see the



ONE OF THE MANY FINE THOROUGHFARES, LINED WITH HANDSOME BUILDINGS, TO BE FOUND IN CALCUTTA: A VIEW OF CLIVE STREET.

Photograph by the Indian Railways Bureau.

famous Goteik Gorge and Viaduct, and Maymyo, the premier hill-station in beautiful Burma.

Ceylon vies with Burma in its loveliness, and it is also a Buddhist land. It has monasteries and shrines; most famous of the latter in the ruined city of Anuradhapura, and at Kandy, the former capital, is the Temple of the Tooth, which contains a most priceless Buddhist relic. Ceylon has, too, a sea coast of wondrous tropic charm. Within easy reach of Colombo is Mount Lavinia, where there is splendid surf-bathing. Roads leading to this and to other beauty spots in the island are lined with flowering shrubs and trees, and the air is scented with the fragrance of spice gardens. By a railway winding about hills clothed with plantations of rubber, cacao, and tea, one journeys, past Kandy and the delightful botanical gardens of Peradeniya, to Nuwara Eliya, the beautiful hill-station of Ceylon, where the air is cool and bracing. Above Nuwara Eliya towers Pedro, a peak over 8000 ft. in height, from the summit of which there is a glorious panoramic view of rolling mountain ridges, valleys of verdant green, and misty blue plains merging with the distant sea.

By one route, Ceylon is the half-way house to Australia, another attractive land for those in search of winter sunshine, with a climate that is ideal during our long winter months of cold

and rain and fog. Australia has a very wide range of scenery, from Alpine ranges among the mountains and fern-clad gorges, great forests of jarrah and karri, woods ablaze with wild flowers, groves of eucalyptus, scenting the air, and fertile valleys where grow in abundance those fruits for which Australia is famed, to rolling plains, over which range vast flocks of sheep and herds of horses and cattle, and where are the wide wheat lands of the Commonwealth. In the North the scenery is tropical and sugar cane, and instead of apples, pears, plums, and grapes are bananas, papaws, mangoes, and coconuts. Round the coast are fine cliffs and magnificent stretches of sandy beach, ideal for bathing, and along the shores of Queensland the Great Barrier Reef, of fantastic coral growth, forms one of the wonders of the world.

Melbourne, Adelaide, Perth, Brisbane, and Hobart, in the lovely island of Tasmania, have each a distinct charm of their own, and amenities which render them extremely pleasant as holiday centres, and Canberra, the capital, with its commanding scenic situation, must be seen. This season, Sydney takes pride of place in any Australian tour, for it is celebrating a century and a half of progress from its

foundation, and with pageants, exhibitions, festivals and Empire games this, Australia's largest city, will be bright beyond belief. Never will you see its far-famed bathing beaches to better advantage, its fine thoroughfares thronged with a gayer or more cosmopolitan crowd, and from the gleaming expanse of its wonderful harbour and the luxuriance of its gardens you can pass to the beauty of the Blue Mountains, and to National Park, famous for its scenic charm.

New Zealand, delectable also in point of climate, is a wonderland of snow-capped mountains, glaciers, gorges, geysers, lovely lakes, waterfalls, and great fjords reminiscent of those of Norway's western coast. In the Southern Island, Mount Cook towers 12,349 ft. above sea-level; there, too, are the great Franz Josef Glacier, the famous Buller Gorge, Milford Sound, a mighty fjord with waters deep enough to float the world's largest luxury liners, the Sutherland Falls, which drop 1904 ft. in a series of dazzling leaps, the Pancake Rocks of Punakaiki, the Bowen Falls, Lakes Wakatipu and Manapouri, and what is termed the "World's Wonder Walk," from Lake Te Anau to Milford Sound, through 33 miles of bewitching scenery. The Northern Island contains the Great National Park, with three volcanoes of majestic height, Ruapehu touching over 9000 ft., the lovely Wanganui River, beautiful Lake Waikaremoana, the magic caves of Waitomo, Mt. Egmont, rivalling Fujiyama in beauty, and the geyser marvels of Rotorua. There are many well-known steamship lines with services to ports in India, Burma, and Ceylon, the P. and O. to Bombay and Calcutta, also the British India and Ellerman's City and Hall Lines, the Bibby Line and the Orient Line to Colombo, and the Bibby Line to Rangoon. Moreover, one can fly to India in five days (and to Australia in 10½ days) by Imperial Airways service, who also arrange 25- and 32-day air tours.

Then India and Ceylon can be visited in the course of three extremely interesting world tours during the coming season. One of these, by the *Empress of Britain*, Canadian Pacific Line, leaves Monaco on Jan. 22, calling at Naples, Athens, Haifa, Port Said, Suez, Bombay (7½ days' stay), Colombo (3½ days), Penang, Singapore, Bangkok, Batavia, Bali, Manila, Hong Kong, Shanghai, Chinwangtao (for Peking), Beppu, Kobe, Yokohama, Honolulu, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Panama Canal, and New York, returning to Southampton on May 24; another, by the Cunard-White Star liner *Franconia*, starts from Southampton on Dec. 24, and includes calls at New York and ports in Trinidad, Brazil, St. Helena, South Africa, Madagascar, Seychelles, India, Ceylon, Malaya, Siam, Java, Borneo, Bali, the Philippines, Indo-China, China, Korea, Japan, Hawaii, and California, returning via the Panama Canal and New York to Liverpool in early June; and a third, by an I.T. Tour, leaves London, on Dec. 10, by the P. and O. *Strathnaver*, to Bombay, Colombo, Fremantle, Adelaide, Melbourne, and Sydney, and thence, by various liners, to New Zealand, back to Sydney, and on to ports in Queensland, North Australia, Java, Malaya, China, Japan, Hawaii, California, Salvador, Panama, Colombia, Peru, and to Valparaiso, in Chili; from there overland across the Andes to Buenos Aires, and thence via Santos, Rio de Janeiro, Trinidad, New York, Niagara, Toronto, Ottawa, and Montreal to Liverpool, reached on June 26.

Special arrangements have been made by the Orient Line for visiting Australia during the coming season. Reduced return fares are available, first-class, tourist-class, and tourist "B" class, by the regular liner service, by vessels arriving at Sydney after Christmas and leaving



A SURF CARNIVAL IN PROGRESS AT THE BATHING-BEACH OF MANLY, SYDNEY—A SPOT WELL KNOWN FOR EXCELLENT SURF-BATHING.

Photograph by Courtesy of the Director, Australian Trade Publicity.

Sydney between May 1 and June 30, or any other Australian port not later than Feb. 28; special round-voyage fares are quoted, and five three-months' travel tours—three tourist and two first-class—have been arranged, starting from Tilbury on Nov. 6 and 20, and on Jan. 1 and 15, also one, first-class, of four and a half months' duration, leaving Tilbury on March 12.

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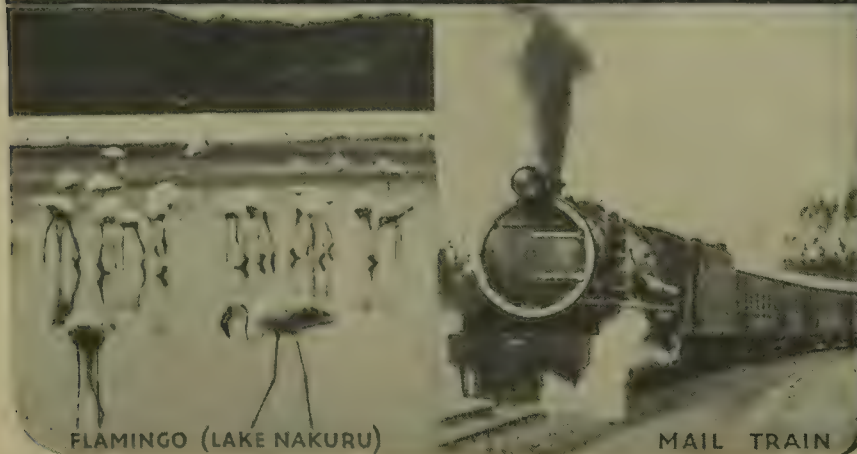
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EGYPT—THE SUDAN—EAST AFRICA—SOUTH AFRICA—SOUTHERN RHODESIA.

THE glamour of Egypt—those mysterious buildings, the Pyramids, erected in the dawn of history; the inscrutable Sphinx; the vast desert, of infinite beauty at sunset and dawn; and that wonder river, the Nile, with some of the most stupendous statuary the world has known crowding its banks, whilst it flows on, giving prosperity to the ancient land through which its course lies—may well draw to it visitors from all parts of the world. But there is yet another reason why it is so popular, and why it is chosen as a winter resort time after time, and it is on account of its really marvellous winter climate—an air that is dry and pure, days of genial warmth when, in the clear atmosphere, full benefit is derived from the sunshine; cool nights, sometimes pleasantly cold, and an almost negligible rainfall. In such a climate, all forms of outdoor exercise can be enjoyed, sight-seeing is possible under the best of conditions, and health and vitality are maintained at a very high level.

And then Egypt is such a fascinating blend of the old and the new. In Cairo, on the verge of the desert, within a stone's-throw of the oldest of the Pyramids, and with an extensive Arab quarter, dominated by the great Citadel of Saladin, in which are palaces of the Mamelukes, beautiful old mosques, narrow, winding streets, quaint houses with closely-barred windows guarding the harem, and markets where buyers and sellers of a score of races congregate, there are thoroughfares as fashionable as those of London and Paris, smart cafés and restaurants and luxury hotels, and facilities for all forms of modern sport. An express train, splendidly appointed, takes you from Alexandria or Port Said, to Egypt's handsome capital, and the voyage down the Nile by Cook's steamers is one of the most comfortable that modern transport can devise. To winter in Egypt is ideal!

Nowadays, many people extend the Nile voyage—it is so pleasant—and go on to the Sudan, by rail and steamer. The steamer takes you to Wadi Halfa, pleasantly situated just within the Sudan frontier, with a comfortable hotel, a sports club, a fine view of the thousand islands of the Second Cataract, and the house in which Osman Digna was kept prisoner after the campaign against the Mahdi. One can also gain an unforgettable experience by spending a night in the desert here, in a specially arranged desert camp, and then go on by rail to Khartum, where the Blue Nile and the White Nile meet, and where may be



THE FINE SEA SCENE AT MUIZENBERG, WITHIN SIXTEEN MILES OF CAPE TOWN: A VIEW OF THE POPULAR SOUTH AFRICAN SEASIDE RESORT AT FALSE BAY.

Photograph by South African Railways and Harbours.

seen still, on the old palace stairs, the spot where Gordon so gallantly died. At Omdurman, close by, there is a collection of *suks*, or native markets, where you will see a most extraordinary crowd of people typical of almost every race in Africa, and craftsmen of all kinds—ivory-carvers, silversmiths, leather-workers, armourers, and a host of others—for to Omdurman, the largest purely native city in Africa, Africans go for all things, and there, an echo of the past, is the ruined tomb of the Mahdi and the house of his successor, the Khalifa.

Still further along the Nile one can go, past the great Sennar Dam, through the lands of those strange, primitive peoples, the Dinka and the Shilluk, and by vast swamps, teeming with bird-life and where hippopotami flounder in the river, to Juba, there to travel by motor road to Nimule, on the Uganda frontier, and thence by steamer to Butiaba, from which point you get, by lake steamer service and railway, to any part of Uganda, Kenya Colony, or Tanganyika. There is another way of reaching East Africa—by steamer to picturesque Mombasa, and then, by the Kenya and Uganda Railways services, inland, to see the wonders of the Great Rift Valley, the Game Reserves, Mount Kilimanjaro, Africa's highest mountain; Nairobi; Lake Victoria, with Kampala, Uganda's quaint commercial capital, built, like Rome, on seven hills; the Ripon Falls, where the waters of Lake Victoria rush forth to the Nile; perchance Fort Portal, the Ituri Forest, where the pygmies live, and the Ruwenzori Range, the once-fabulous "Mountains of the Moon." Travel in East Africa has been brought very up to date, the climate of the highlands is quite agreeable, and the interesting scenes of native life one obtains there are sufficient alone to render an East African holiday memorable.

South Africa is another fortunate land that is favoured with an excellent winter climate, especially up on the High Veld, and those who visit it then see it with a profusion of flowers and fruit, a land of summer skies and soft, bracing breezes. It has magnificent scenery, coastal and inland, where, in Natal, mountain ranges, the Drakensberg, reach a height of over 10,000 feet. Comparatively near to Cape Town, at George, Knysna, and the Wilderness, there is splendid highland country, which has the advantage, too, of being near to the sea, and not far off are the fine Cango Caves. Then there is the charm of the Great Karroo, its almost boundless plains stretching away into the misty horizon. Here millions of sheep feed, and sheep give place to diamonds further on up country, at Kimberley, on the Vaal; and in the Transvaal, up on the bracing High Veld, at Johannesburg, to gold. Further north still, in the low-lying country between the foothills of the Drakensberg and Portuguese East Africa, is the Kruger National Park, a sanctuary containing what is said to be the richest and most varied collection of animal life known.

Cape Town is the gateway to South Africa, and here, before setting out to explore this delightful land, you can spend an extremely pleasant holiday, for Cape Town has luxurious hotels, and the amenities, including those of sport and amusement, of any capital in Europe. Together with its modernity, it has a seventeenth-century castle and interesting old Dutch homes of a bygone age, and a flower market, with native vendors, which is a revelation of South Africa's floral wealth. Its scenic situation, at the foot of Table Mountain, to the summit of

which one can ascend by cable railway and gain glorious panoramic views, is one which makes it very attractive. It is also the centre of a wonderful seaside playground, the Cape Peninsula, where are such splendid resorts as Muizenberg, which possesses one of the finest sea- and sun-bathing pavilions in the world, and Camp's Bay. The drive from Cape Town by the circular mountain road skirting the sea to the Cape of Good Hope is one with the most magnificent coastal scenery anywhere to be seen.

When in South Africa, it is an easy matter to go on to Southern Rhodesia, for the same well-appointed express trains which take one to Kimberley and Mafeking go on across the Kalahari Desert to Bulawayo, the chief town of Matabeleland, a modern centre, some three miles distant from the site where formerly stood Lobengula's kraal. From Bulawayo it is only an eleven-hour journey to the Victoria Falls, on the Zambesi River, one of the great sights of the world, known to the natives as "Mosi-oa-tunya" ("The Smoke that Thunders"), and first seen, by European eyes, by Livingstone. Nearly two and a half times the

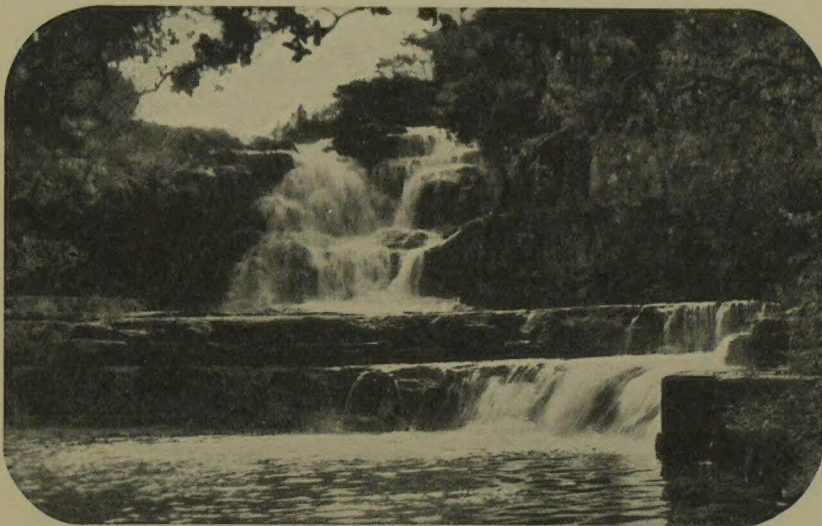


LOOKING OVER THE RIVER TOWARDS ELEPHANTINE ISLAND: A CHARMING VIEW OF THE NILE AT ASSUAN.

Photograph by Topical Press.

height of Niagara, and about twice as wide, the Victoria Falls are bounded on three sides by forest-covered ridges, and near-by vegetation is of amazing luxuriance. Returning to Bulawayo, it is an easy journey by rail and motor-car to Zimbabwe, those mystery ruins the origin of which is still an archaeological puzzle. Whether Zimbabwe ever had any connection with Ophir, Solomon, or the Queen of Sheba, whether it represents the remains of an unknown empire in South Africa, or the high-water mark of Bantu culture, its ruins command admiration. Then in Southern Rhodesian caves there are a series of Bushman rock-paintings showing an extraordinary amount of skill. There are still opportunities of studying many interesting forms of native life in Southern Rhodesia, its flora and fauna are rich, it has excellent fishing and shooting, grand scenery among the Matopo Hills, where rest the remains of Cecil Rhodes and his friend, "Dr. Jim," and in the highlands along its eastern border there are delightful centres, with a cool climate, amid forest-clad slopes and grassy uplands, where fruits of a temperate clime grow, and wild flowers, heather, and bracken flourish, and life is pleasant indeed.

You can fly to Egypt in two days by Imperial Airways, to East Africa in four and a half, and to South Africa in six and a half days. An alternative way of reaching there is to travel by regular liners of the Orient or Bibby Lines to Port Said, or to that port, or Suez, by the round-Africa liners of the Union Castle Line, which also call at East African ports. There are two sailings of these during November and December, the *Llandaff Castle* leaving London on Nov. 25, and calling at Tangier, Gibraltar, Marseilles, Genoa, Port Said, Suez, Port Sudan, Aden, Mombasa, Tanga, Zanzibar, Dar-es-Salaam, Beira, Lourenço Marques, Natal, East London, Port Elizabeth, Cape Town, St. Helena, Ascension, and Teneriffe, returning to Southampton; and the *Llanstephan Castle* leaving



TYPICAL OF THE LOVELY SCENERY ALONG THE EASTERN BORDER OF SOUTHERN RHODESIA: SILVER STREAMS, MELSETTER.

Photograph by Courtesy of the High Commissioner for Southern Rhodesia.

London on Dec. 17 and making the journey the other way round. Passages are first-class and tourist, and the fares are very moderate.

The Union Castle Line also have special return fares, first-class, second-class, and tourist, by their regular liners to South Africa (where such liners carry passengers of the description given), and there are special Christmas holiday tours by the *Warwick Castle* from Southampton on Nov. 26 and by the *Winchester Castle* on Dec. 17, passengers by the former vessel being able to return by vessels leaving Cape Town up to Jan. 14, and, in the case of tourist passengers, up to Jan. 21, and passengers by the latter vessel can leave Cape Town as late as Feb. 4; thus opportunity is given for making an extended tour in South Africa. A round-Africa cruise is also to be made by the Royal Mail liner *Atlantis*, which will leave Southampton on Jan. 22, calling at Sfax (Tunisia), Port Said, Port Tewfik, Aden, the Seychelles, Madagascar, Mauritius, Durban, Cape Town, St. Helena, Sierra Leone, and Las Palmas, returning to Southampton on March 21.

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WEST INDIES CRUISE

FEB. 5. "Vandyck" from Southampton to Madeira, Barbados, Trinidad, St. Lucia, Ciudad Trujillo (Santa Domingo), Kingston (Jamaica), Havana (Cuba), Miami, Bermuda, Ponta Delgada. **46 days from 80 gns.**

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MEDITERRANEAN SHORES—ATLANTIC AND WEST INDIAN ISLES—AND BERMUDA.

THE shores of the Mediterranean provide an ideal winter playground, and they must be extremely difficult to please who cannot find an agreeable spot somewhere in which to settle down to enjoy the scenery and the sunshine with which these favoured regions are blessed. There is that wonderful stretch of coast from Marseilles to Ventimiglia, along which, like pearls, are strung the resorts of the French Riviera, large and small, but all with excellent amenities, and some—Monte Carlo, Nice, Cannes, and Mentone—the smartest winter pleasure places of the world. The air here is scented with the fragrance of pine and eucalyptus, palm-lined roads direct one's thoughts to tropic isles, and there is a wealth of flowers which further brightens a social life otherwise extremely gay. Italy's Riviera shares these fortunate conditions, and in Bordighera, San Remo, and Alassio, and further along the coast, at Santa Margherita and Rapallo, you will find flowers and sunshine and scenery of surpassing interest, while facilities for sport and amusement are abundant and hotel accommodation is of the best.

Italy has other charming spots for a winter holiday—Naples and its glorious bay, with Vesuvius to add to the grandeur of a situation almost peerless, and then there are Capri and Sorrento, whilst Amalfi, with its sunny, sheltered position, invites one to stay there for a long period and enjoy repose by its blue Salernian waters. Across the Straits

north-east trade-wind, which tempers the heat. Bathing is safe, and in islands such as Jamaica, Barbados, and Trinidad there are up-to-date and exceedingly well-appointed bathing beaches, whilst all three of these islands have large, modern hotels and excellent facilities for tours inland to view the richly exotic scenery.

Some few hundred miles north-west of the British West Indian group of islands lie the scattered isles of the Bahamas, of which New Providence is the chief, with Nassau, the Bahamas' capital. Nassau is a very modern resort, with luxury hotels, a Lido, and very fine marine gardens. A little more than half-way between the Bahamas and New York, just outside the Tropics, but protected from rough seas by coral reefs which shatter the breakers and give

cruise to Madeira, Barbados, Trinidad, St. Lucia, Ciudad Trujillo (Santo Domingo), Kingston, Havana, Miami, Bermuda, and Ponta Delgada (Azores).

The Cunard-White Star Line also have a cruise by the *Laconia* to the Mediterranean, from Southampton, March 19, for 31 days, visiting ports in France, Italy, Yugoslavia, Greece, Palestine, Egypt and Portugal, the island of Malta, and Gibraltar. The Canadian Pacific Line are sending the *Duchess of Richmond* on a cruise from Southampton, March 15, for 28 days, to Madeira, Dakar, Takoradi, Victoria, Freetown, Casablanca, and Lisbon; the *Duchess of Atholl*, from Southampton, for 20 days, March 23, to Madeira, Freetown, Dakar, Casablanca, and Lisbon; and the *Duchess of Richmond*, April 14, from Southampton, for 11 days, to Madeira, Casablanca, and Lisbon. The Lamport and Holt Line announce a Christmas cruise by the *Vandyck*, from Southampton, Dec. 20, calling at Madeira (for Christmas Eve festivities), Santa Cruz, Las Palmas, Tenerife, and back to Madeira for New Year's Eve celebrations.

A long-distance cruise to the West Indies and South America is that by the Swedish-American 18,000-ton liner *Gripsholm*, due to leave Southampton on Jan. 14 for the following ports: Nassau, New York, Havana, Cristobal, Balboa, Callao, Valparaiso, Cape Pillar and Magallanes (Straits of Magellan), Buenos Aires, Montevideo, Santos, Rio de Janeiro, Bahia, Port of Spain, St. Pierre and Port de France (Martinique), and Bermuda, arriving at New York, March 24, and Southampton, April 4. There is a similar cruise by the Pacific Steam Navigation Company's *Reina del Pacifico* (17,707 tons), from Liverpool, Jan. 12, and Plymouth, Jan. 13, for La Rochelle-Pallice, Funchal, Bahia, Rio de Janeiro, Monte Video (from this port by river steamer to Buenos Aires, returning to Monte Video), Port Stanley (Falkland Islands), Magallanes (Chile), Puerto Montt (the "Switzerland" of Chile), Talcuano, Juan Fernandez (the isle on which Alexander Selkirk lived), San Antonio (Chile), Valparaiso, Antofagasta, Mejillones, Iquique, Arica, Mollendo, Callao (for Lima), the Panama Canal, Kingston, Havana, Nassau, Bermuda, and Ponta Delgada, returning to Plymouth, March 27, and Liverpool, March 28.

You can also cruise to western South American ports on board one of the Grace liners, joining at New York, special connections being arranged with Transatlantic liners, and Grace liners also do a very pleasant trip from New York to San Francisco via the Panama Canal, calling



AT THE MOUTH OF THE RIVER AMAZON: A CHARMING VIEW OF THE BEACH OF CEARÁ.—[Photograph by the Booth Line.]

of Messina lies Sicily, an isle of delight in winter-time, its climate so sunny and mild, its gardens gay with flowers, its countryside so interesting. Palermo, the capital, has an ideal setting, and whilst it has wonderful buildings, memorials of its great historic past, it has also a very modern social side, and at Mondello, its suburb by the sea, one can bathe throughout the winter. Some thirty miles south of Messina is lovely Taormina, nestling quaintly on the side of tall cliffs and with a glorious view of snow-capped Etna.

The Canary Isles retain their attraction as a happy hunting-ground for those who wish to escape the rigours of winter in a northern clime. Las Palmas, the capital of Grand Canary, is an up-to-date resort, with a dry and warm climate; whilst the scenery of the interior and along the coast is very fine. The island of Tenerife, the largest of the islands, is crowned by its famous peak, over 12,000 ft. in height, and snow-capped. Santa Cruz, the capital, is a picturesque town, and most charming is Orotava, a very popular resort in the lovely valley of Orotava, and an excellent centre for the ascent of the Peak. Madeira is an island equally favoured in the matter of climate, and with a range of scenery sufficiently wide to embrace heights with an Alpine flora, upland plateaux, hill-slopes where the flowers of Europe blossom in a grand profusion, and fertile valleys with a sub-tropical warmth that gives rise to a wealth of palm and fern. Funchal, the capital and chief port, is indeed a pleasant spot, and when one remembers that it has hotels of the first order and a splendid country club, it is difficult to think of a winter resort within such easy reach of this country that can rival it in point of climate and general charm.

Further afield are islands with a very great claim, for they are British, and they lie amid a sea over which still lingers the air of romance—the Caribbean, very blue and delightfully warm, so as to make sea-bathing the luxury it should be; Jamaica, Barbados, and Trinidad, and several others less known in the travel world—St. Lucia, St. Kitts, Nevis, Montserrat, Grenada, Dominica, Tobago, and Antigua, but all with a history involving stirring fights with the Spaniards and the French, and with an old-time connection with pirates that thrills the most sober of their winter visitors. The great asset of the islands is the cool and bracing



A POPULAR PORT VISITED BY CUNARD-WHITE STAR CRUISING LINERS: THE BEAUTIFUL BAY OF NAPLES; SHOWING VESUVIUS IN THE BACKGROUND.

Photograph by Cunard-White Star.

smooth water for bathing, and with a climate that is as near to the ideal in winter-time as any I have known, lie the Bermudian Isles, strung together so as to form charming inland seas, where every form of aquatic sport can be had at its best. Ashore you will see old houses of white coralline limestone, some dating back to Stuart times, with beautiful gardens, conspicuous among the flowers the glorious Bermuda lily, and hedges of oleander and hibiscus. Bermuda has some of the finest hotels in the world, and certainly one of the most picturesque golf-courses, whilst the excellence of its yachting is proverbial. Those who wish to know more about the islands in detail should purchase Bushell's "Handbook on Bermuda," a

most interesting compendium of facts relating to its history, flora and fauna, commerce and industry, and government.

There are to be several cruises to West Indian ports this season. The Canadian Pacific Line are sending the *Duchess of Richmond* (20,000 tons) from Southampton, Jan. 22 (calling at Cherbourg), on a 48-day cruise to Madeira, Basse Terre and Point-à-Pitre (Guadeloupe), St. Vincent, Trinidad, Cristobal, Kingston, and Montego Bay (Jamaica), Havana, Miami, Nassau, St. Kitts, Dominica, Bridgetown, and Las Palmas; and, Feb. 17, the *Duchess of Atholl* (20,000 tons) leaves Liverpool for 32 days on a cruise to St. Lucia, Trinidad,

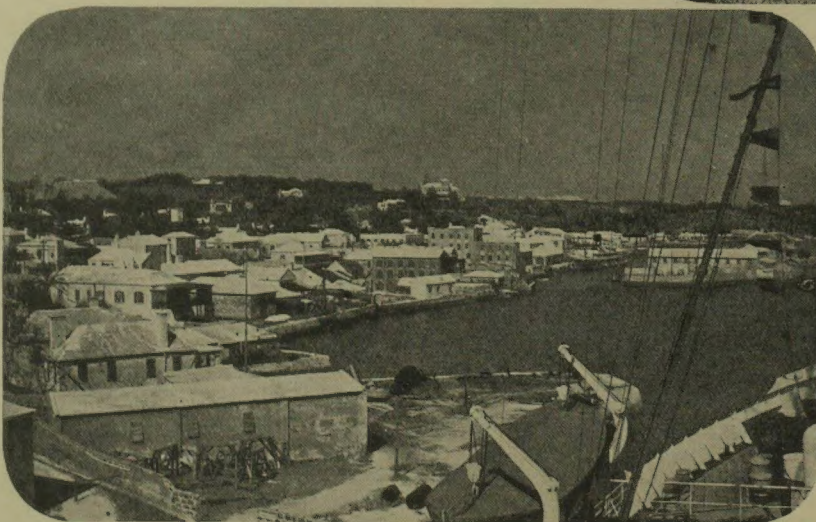


A PORT AT WHICH CANADIAN PACIFIC CRUISING LINERS OFTEN CALL: FREETOWN; SHOWING A NATIVE DANCE IN PROGRESS.

Photograph by Canadian Pacific Line.]

at several ports en route. Then there are two Booth Line tours to the River Amazon, by the *Hilary*, Oct. 12 and Dec. 10. A call at Oporto affords an opportunity of a look at this well-known centre of the Portuguese wine trade, then up the Tagus to Lisbon, a handsome city and full of interest, and with the pretty and very up-to-date winter resort of Estoril close by, a peep at Funchal, in Madeira, and you cross the Atlantic in smooth waters, enabling you to enjoy life aboard ship to the full. A stop at Pará, and then you proceed up the Amazon, first passing through the Narrows, with wonderful jungle scenery close at hand, to Manáos, where delightful excursions are arranged to the Tarumã Falls, and jungle lagoons with strange, tropical growths.

Messrs. Thos. Cook and Son specialise in winter travel, in connection with which they issue a handbook entitled "Sunshine Overseas," which is filled with the most interesting information for travellers and can be obtained from any of their offices free of cost. In it are particulars of a delightful escorted tour to India, Burma, and Ceylon, from Dec. 10 to March 18, and visiting the principal sight-seeing centres in these three countries; also a Round-the-World tour. Messrs. Cook issue another helpful brochure entitled "The Nile," which stresses the joys of travel in Egypt and in particular of the journey down the Nile.



AS SEEN FROM THE DECK OF A HAMBURG-AMERICAN CRUISING LINER: AN INTERESTING VIEW OF THE OLD TOWN AND PORT OF ST. GEORGE'S, BERMUDA, THE CAPITAL OF THE ISLANDS UNTIL 1815.—[Photograph by Hapag-Bildrecht.]

Kingston, Havana, Miami, and Las Palmas. The Cunard-White Star liner *Laconia* (20,000 tons) starts from Liverpool Jan. 24, calling at Southampton two days later, on a cruise to Curaçao, Cartagena, Colon, St. Thomas (Virgin Isles), Grenada, Vera Cruz (for Mexico City), Havana, Miami, Madeira, and Lisbon, returning to Southampton, March 17; and the Lamport and Holt Line have the *Vandyck* leaving Southampton, Feb. 5, for a

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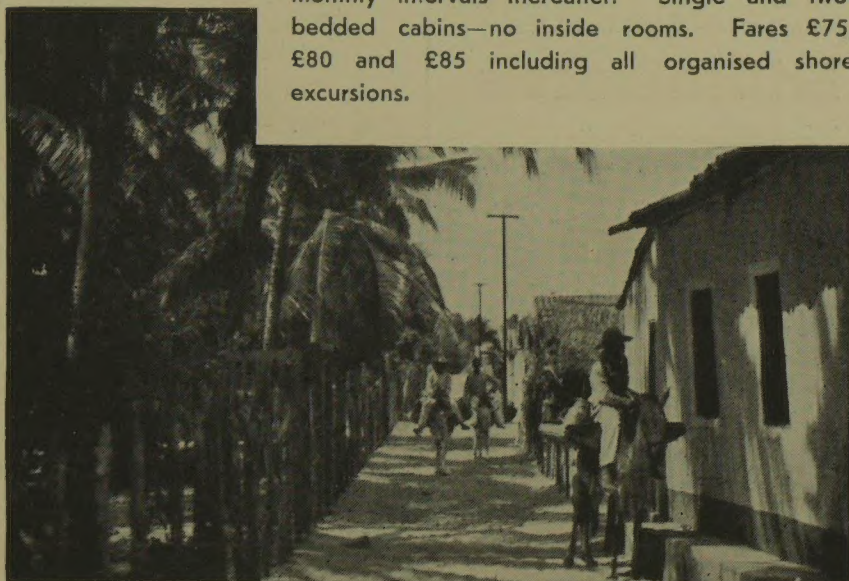
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